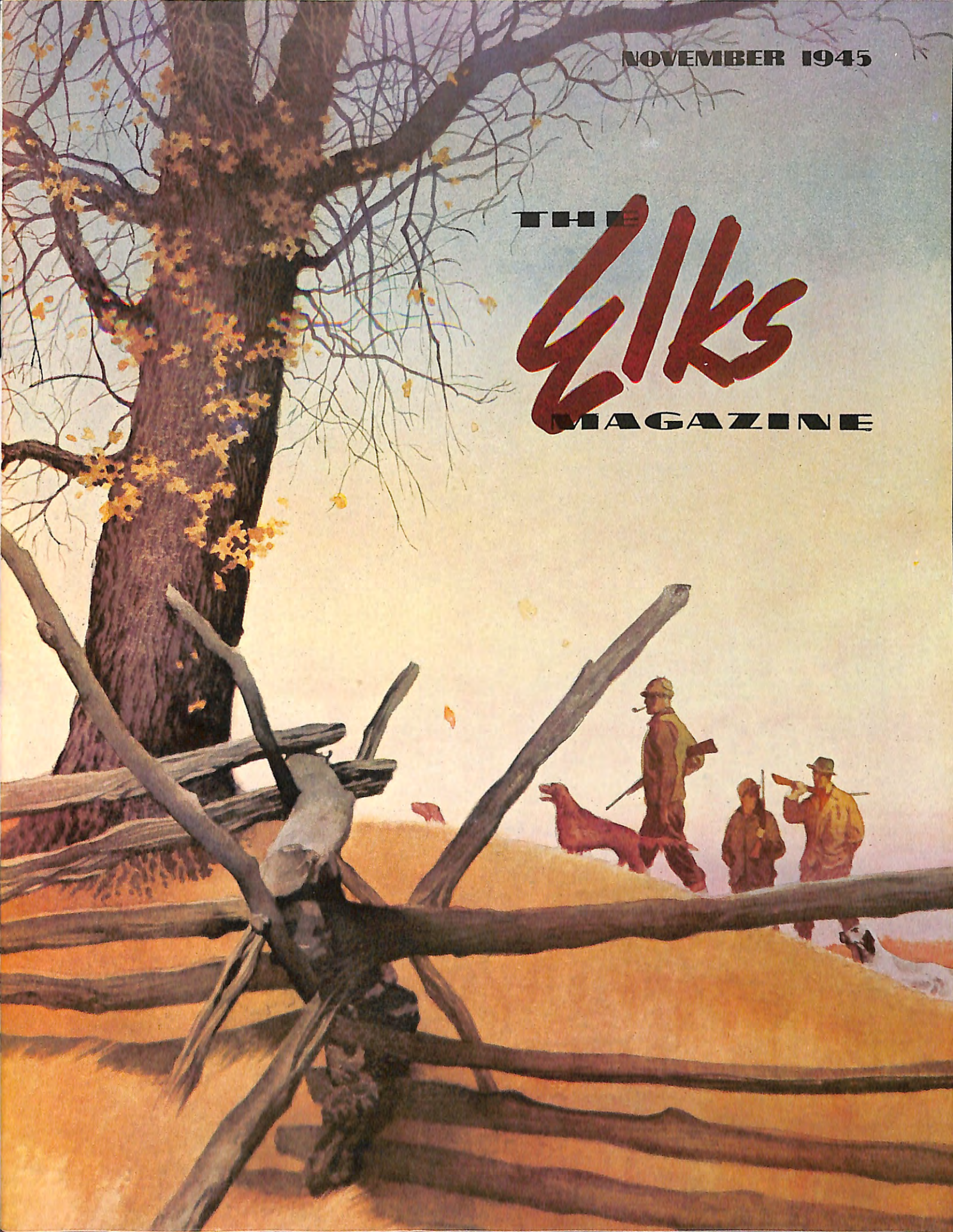


NOVEMBER 1945

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE





The Stars of Polynesia

Since prehistoric times, the people of the South Seas have been making long voyages in frail boats—back and forth among the tiny islands of their ocean. Many of these specks of land are thousands of miles apart.

It took World War II to reveal to the white man that through the ages these Pacific pathfinders had looked to the stars alone for guidance and found their way without maps or instruments. These stars of the southern hemisphere, previously unknown

to most of our airmen and seamen, have proved vital to winning the victory. Flyer or sailor, becoming familiar with the once strange constellations, looked into the heavens and felt that Mother Earth's greatest ocean was a friendly expanse.

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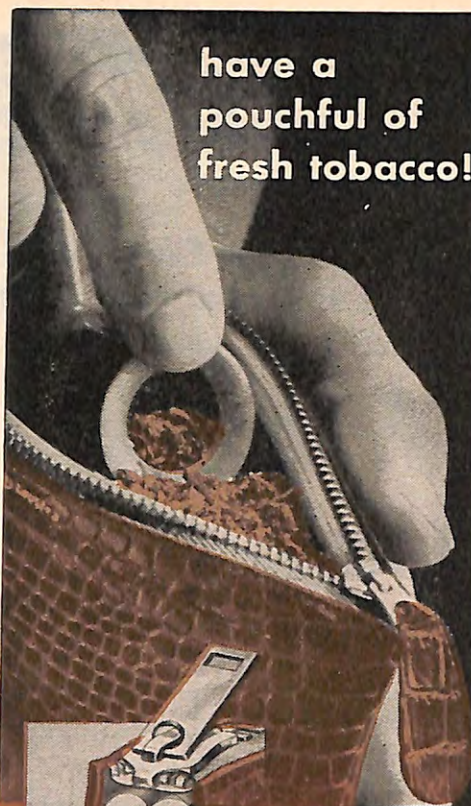
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THE Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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NOVEMBER 1945

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

THIS month we give you a desolate picture of death and destruction—if you go by our contents page.

Ronald McLeod in his cover design starts you off with a portrait of the demise of the year—brooding and sullen, but some people like it if they've got guns and a hound dog. (Incidentally, Ed Faust has gone crazy about hound dogs this month. He's been hounding the life out of us.)

Somebody came along with a story called "The Haunted Widow", written when the Stagge was at bay, and it catching us in a macabre mood, we bought it.

This morbid state of mind persisting, we bought in quick succession two other pieces, "Death Wears Diamonds" and "Elixirs of Death", the first being about poisonous reptiles and the second occupying itself with the subject of equally poisonous medicines. The chances of your remaining alive after reading this book are slim. In your will, please do not forget the Elks National Foundation.

In composing this issue just before *rigor mortis* set in, we had a talk about hypnotism which is death in the mind. Its possibilities fascinated us because herein is declared a treatment for many of the ills and torments which beset the human mind. It offered us a brief gleam of light before the pall settled again.

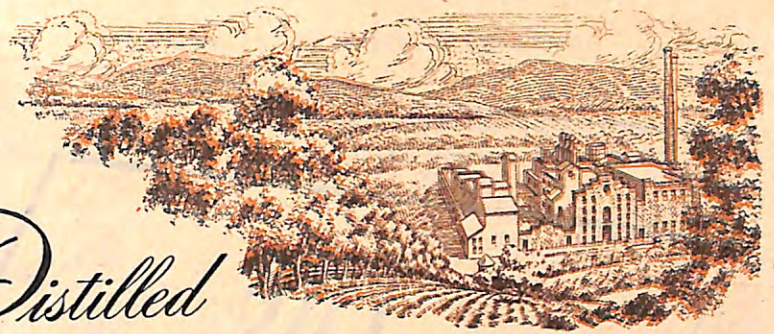
"My Brother Crawford" is a bright little number which surprisingly squeezed itself into this somber issue. It caught us at a moment when our glooms were down. It is the comic relief for our November tragedy. Brother Crawford has worked himself into our hearts.

If it ever should happen (heaven forbid!) that you awaken feeling that you have had one too many, just read Fairfax Downey's "Our Hard-drinking Ancestors". It will give you pause to stop and think and marvel over Grandpappy's capacity.

We suppose it is our bounden duty to bring to your attention our customary features which include Ed Faust and his houn' dawgs, Ray Trullinger and the one that got away, Harry Hansen, that old literary termite, and those funny, funny mens who make drawings for the back of the book. The people put them in there to lure you into looking at the advertising.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, as is the custom with these bigwigs, has been galloping around the country visiting into numerous lodges. Being well acquainted with this gentleman and knowing his abilities as a speaker, a leader and a colorful guest, we are well aware of how much pleasure he has brought to his hosts.

C. P.



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TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS,

Bottled-in-Bond

The Haunted Widow



by

**Jonathan
Stagge**

SHE strode into my office in ancient blue jeans and a man's lumber shirt open at the throat. She had a taffy cocker puppy tucked under one arm. I knew her, of course. A country doctor in a small community knows everyone. But Sally Bedell, with her glowing tan and her brown eyes, limpid as the spaniel puppy's, was the least likely of my neighbors to visit me as a patient.

She took my hand in a rough, hard grip. "Don't look so surprised, Dr. Westlake. Nothing's the matter with me. It's Laura I've come about. Aunt Emma and I are worried."

"Laura's not well?" I asked the question anxiously as almost anyone in Kenmore would have asked it. That's how we all felt about Sally's sister-in-law, Laura Bedell. We loved her and admired her. We also felt a protective sense of responsibility for her because she had been through such a terrible time with Gil.

Sally Bedell sat down squarely, nursing the spaniel on her lap. "Something awful is going on in our house. It's frightening Laura half out of her mind."

I stared. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Things are happening to Laura—things that seem to have no explanation." Sally hesitated for a moment. "It sounds crazy, but she's sure she's being haunted."

"Haunted!" I stared at her. "Yes," said Sally Bedell. "Haunted by Gil—Gil's ghost."

I have a normal healthy disbelief in ghosts, and yet I didn't quite feel like laughing. I suppose it was because I had known Gil Bedell, and if it were possible for a man to return from the grave, that man would be Gil; Gil, with his pale clever eyes, his uncanny instinct for the hurting word, his calculated cruelty to the long-suffering Laura during the five-year marriage which terminated only with his premature and unlamented death last Fall.

"He said he would, you know." Sally was staring at me, unwinking. "When he was dying he told Laura he'd haunt her if she did—a certain thing."

"And the certain thing?" I asked, still not quite incredulous.

"If she married—a certain person."

"Laura's going to remarry?" That was news to me.

"Aunt Emma and I didn't know it, not till Laura told us yesterday. But Dana Woods is discharged from the Army. He's coming back from the Pacific very soon. He and Laura are going to be married."

I remembered Dana Woods. He was a young artist who had rented the Old Mill House on the Bedell property and helped Sally with her spaniel kennels. He was an attractive young man with an easy smile and had, in fact, been an early passion of my twelve-year-old daughter Dawn. But I'd always thought of him as a casual, outdoorsy pal of Sally's. I'd never connected him with Laura.

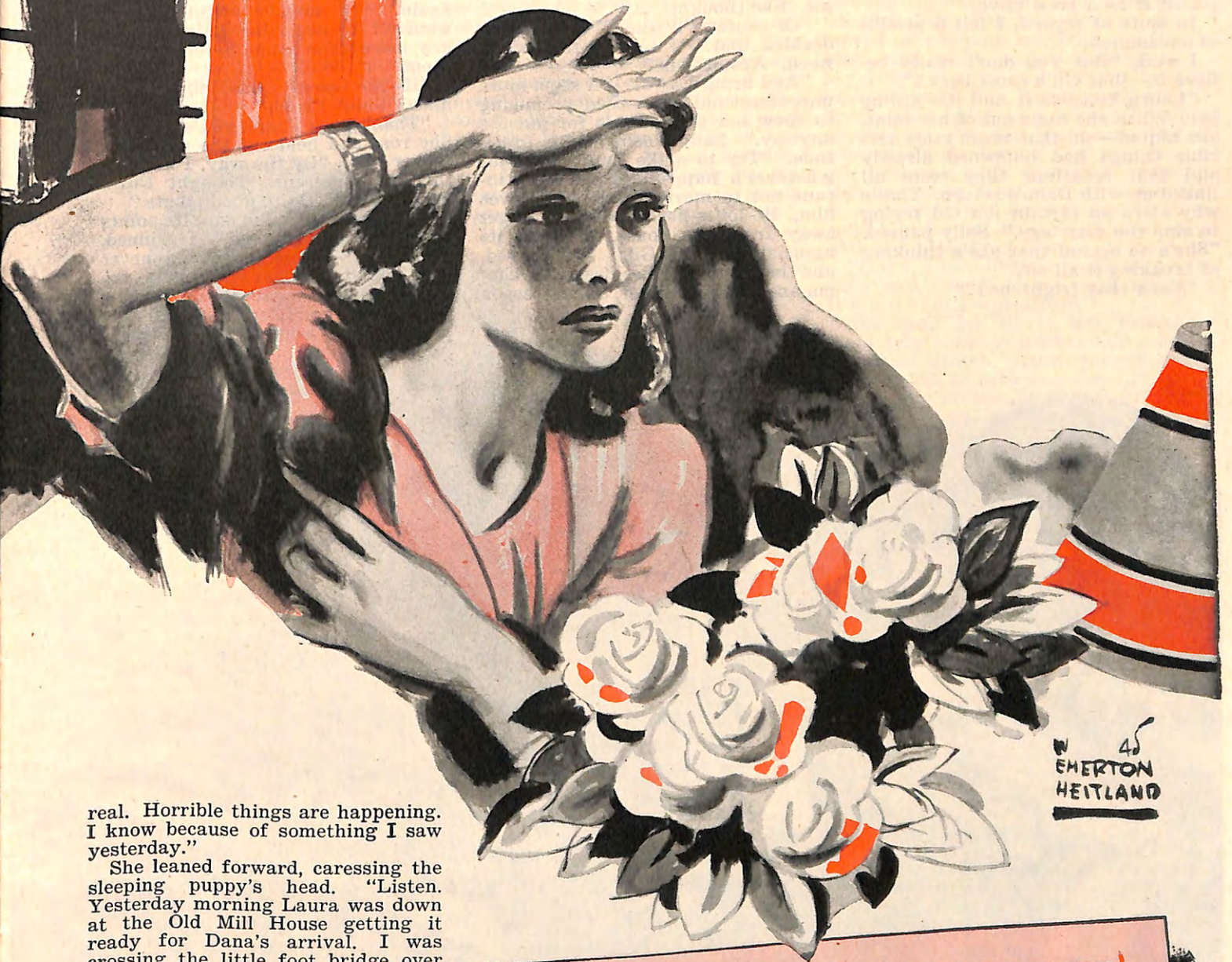
"I guess you didn't know. But Dana and Laura fell in love the moment they met. Quite cut me out." Sally gave a husky laugh. "They never did anything about it, of course. But Gil guessed and he hated Dana for it. He even made a new will so that if ever Laura married Dana she'd forfeit all his money. That's when he said it. He showed her the will and said, 'If you ever do marry him, my sweet, I'll come back from my grave and your life won't be worth living.'"

I could visualize so well that unhealthy little piece of play-acting on Gil's part.

"Isn't it obvious?" I said. "Laura was a fantastically loyal wife. Now, even with Gil dead, she feels guilty for doing something she knows he didn't want her to do. She feels she deserves to be haunted—so she imagines it's actually happening."

Sally shook her close-cropped head. "No, it's not in her mind. It's

"I saw the roses right away.
I saw the change. There was
blood—"



45
EMERTON
HEITLAND

real. Horrible things are happening. I know because of something I saw yesterday."

She leaned forward, caressing the sleeping puppy's head. "Listen. Yesterday morning Laura was down at the Old Mill House getting it ready for Dana's arrival. I was crossing the little foot bridge over the mill race just outside the house when I heard a scream from inside. I ran in. Laura was in the front room. There was a big bowl of white roses on the table. She was staring at them. Her hand was over her mouth as if she were trying to keep herself from screaming again. When she heard me she turned. Her eyes were terrible—stricken, almost blind with terror. She said, 'Sally, there's blood—blood on the roses Dana sent me. It's Gil. He's come back. I know it. I've known it for days now. Gil's come back from the grave to haunt me.' Then she keeled over in a dead faint."

I said sharply, "But there wasn't any blood on the roses, of course?"

**So you don't
believe in ghosts — well, neither
did Laura until she was
haunted by one.**

"There was blood—or something like blood. Saw it with my own eyes. Red, spattered all over the white petals. I tugged them out of the vase and threw them into the fire. Ugh." The sensible, unimaginative Sally shivered. "And I thought at the time, 'That's so like Gil. It's just the vile sort of trick he would have pulled if he'd been alive.'"

In spite of myself, I felt a prickle of uneasiness.

I said, "But you don't really believe it—that Gil's come back?"

"Laura believes it and it's killing her. When she came out of her faint, she hinted—oh, that much more terrible things had happened already and that somehow they were all linked up with Dana's return. That's why she's so certain it's Gil trying to stop the marriage." Sally paused. "She's so scared that she's thinking of breaking it all off."

"She's that frightened?"

Sally nodded and impulsively threw her brown hand across the desk to take my arm. "I don't pretend to know what's happening, but I can't help her, Doctor Westlake. Neither can Aunt Emma. We're Gil's folks. She's never really at ease with us. But you're an old friend and a doctor. That's why Aunt Emma sent me. She thought..."

"Of course I'll come." I'd already decided that. "I'll come this afternoon. Around six?"

"And bring Dawn. It'll seem more unprofessional. I've been promising to show her the kennels for months anyway." Sally flushed with gratitude. "Try to make Laura see that whatever's happening, she'd be insane not to marry Dana. She loves him. He loves her. She needs to get away from the house, from all its associations with Gil." She paused, and then blurted, "Besides, Aunt Emma and I have another, selfish reason

for wanting Laura to marry Dana."

"You—selfish?" I said.

"Didn't you know?" She grinned. "I'm frightfully selfish. It's Gil's money—and the house. Laura forfeits them if she marries Dana. I told you that. Well, Aunt Emma and I get them. I've sunk a lot of money in the kennels and..." She flushed again. "It sounds awful, but it wouldn't be depriving Laura. Dana has more than enough for both of them."

"If she loves Dana, she should marry him," I said.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." She rose and held out the wriggling cocker pup. "By the way, I brought this as a present. Thought Dawn might like it. Quite good points."

"Thanks, Sally. I'm sure its points are admirable. But no." I grinned. "Hamish, our Scottie, would never stand for it." I went with her to the door. "And for heaven's sake, when you go out, don't let Dawn see that pup or my life won't be worth living."

My life won't be worth living.



Without thinking I'd repeated Gil's phrase.

It was rather spooky.

DAWN, who has a passion for every known type of animal, was thrilled at the prospect of visiting Sally's kennels. That evening we drove through the quiet summer valley to the rambling Bedell house. We were shown into the living room by Kitson, the fussy, old-maidish butler whose blind devotion to Gil Bedell had never flagged and whose grey head, cocked to one side, seemed con-

stantly to be listening for a shouted summons from his dead master.

In the living room we found Sally and Miss Emma Bedell, the aunt who had been mother to Gil and Sally from childhood, who was seated in her wheel chair by the long French windows, knitting one of her endless succession of sweaters. For many years Aunt Emma had been paralyzed from the waist down and yet, in spite of this personal tragedy, she had managed to remain serene and cheerful. That day, however, she looked more distressed than I had ever seen her. As soon as Sally had whisked Dawn off to the kennels, Aunt Emma started to pour out an agitated account of her worry about Laura. I was pleased to do some-

thing to help. She had persuaded Laura to talk to me frankly. Laura was waiting for me now upstairs. Her pleas trailed after me as I followed Kitson's lugubrious progress up the steep, winding stairs.

Laura was waiting in the lovely grey and gold room which had been her and Gil's bedroom and in which Gil had died. Tall and slender, she moved to welcome me, with a little black and white cocker padding at her heels. Laura had always been beautiful and her beauty was still unimpaired. But as a doctor I was shocked at the sight of her. Her pale, delicately formed face was fragile now as a mask worked in ivory. Her fingers in mine seemed to have no substance, and her green eyes, in spite of a formal smile, were scarred with the memory of fear.

"Hugh, I should have come to you days ago. Aunt Emma was right. It's just that I was afraid."

She rang for Marie, her French maid, who brought glasses and a decanter of Scotch. Laura poured me a drink but refused one herself.

She said softly, "Sally's told you about Dana and me?"

I nodded. "And I'm glad, Laura. It hasn't been right—shutting yourself off from the world in this old house. You ought to marry again."

She stared at me, her white hands curled in her lap. "I couldn't help falling in love with Dana, Hugh. I fought against it for Sally as much as for Gil. When it got too bad, I made Dana go away. I—I tore my heart out rather than hurt Gil when he was sick and needed me. I never did anything wrong. There was no reason why Gil . . ." She broke off. "Oh Hugh, Hugh . . ."

I said quietly, "You don't really believe Gil's come back to haunt you, Laura?"

"What else can I believe?" She looked up and her green eyes were stricken. "It's either that, or I'm going mad. Whichever it is, it isn't fair to Dana for me to marry him. Don't you see?"

"I can't see anything until you tell me what's been happening."

The little spaniel tossed its ears and leaped into her lap, curling into a feathery ball. She patted it absently.

"After Gil died, I never wrote to Dana. But—well, he was furious with me for sending him away. He thought I was a coward and I was ashamed to write. He never wrote me either, and then a few weeks ago a letter came. He had been wounded. He was going to be discharged and was coming home. He'd heard from Sally that Gil had died. He said that he still loved me, that he'd always loved me, and that he wanted to marry me."

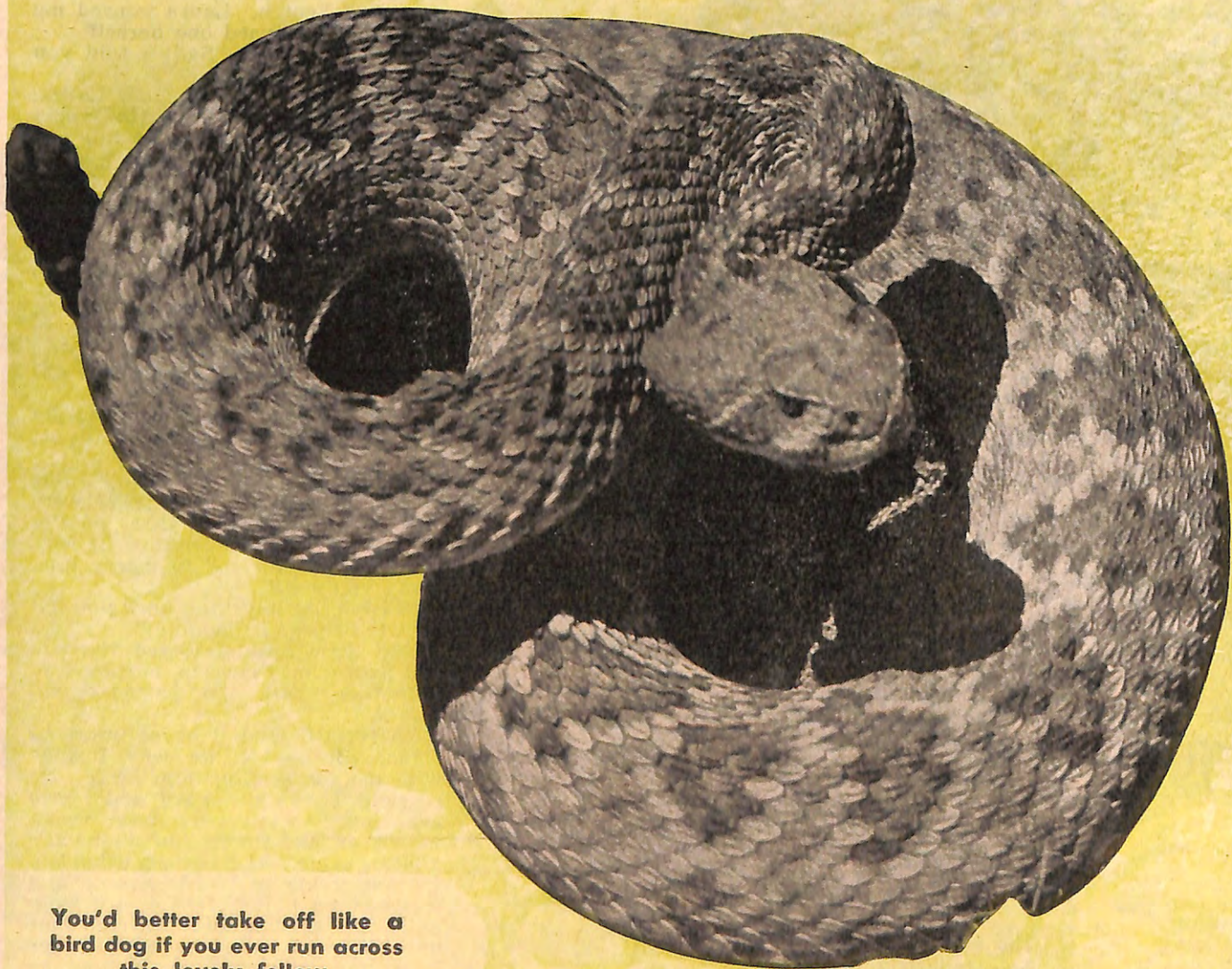
She was playing with the spaniel's rippling ears. "That was the happiest day of my life. But it was the day the first thing happened. Be-

(Continued on page 35)



The eeriness of the moment was indescribable. It was Gil to the life—or to the death.

Death Wears Diamonds



You'd better take off like a
bird dog if you ever run across
this lovely fellow.

THE snake hunter was operating in a section of the Everglades only a few miles from war-boomed Miami. Business was good. There was an ever-increasing demand by the Government for rattlesnake venom—venom which was “milked” from captive snakes and injected in regulated doses into the veins of patient, laboratory-owned horses. Over a period of time the body chemistry of the horses would develop a tolerance to the poison, and their blood be ready for transition into a serum which might save the lives of soldiers throughout the various theatres of war.

The 'Glades are a prolific hunting ground, and the hunter had caught a great many thick-bodied diamond-marked snakes in their sawgrass-covered wastelands. The fear and respect in which he had originally held his dangerous game had been blunted by daily contact with scaled death. Handling rattlers had become a familiar means of livelihood and had degenerated from adventure to a rather tiresome chore.

Suddenly, across the black, mucky path he followed, he saw his quarry, almost six feet of olive-tinted brown body, as thick as his own thigh, the broad back marked with a geometrical design of dark-brown diamonds outlined in dirty yellow. A snake of that size was a worthwhile catch. The poison glands located on the upper sides of the sinister spade-shaped head would yield almost six hundred milligrams of viscous, yellow poison at each milking.

The rattler was bent on escape, but when he saw the man advancing he threw himself into a series of loose coils, head erect and threatening as it followed the movements of his enemy, and with the dozen horny segments of rattles tipping his tail raised and vibrating, their dry, rasping buzzzzz broadcasting an unmistakable warning.

The man carried a five-foot staff, ending in a right-angle strip of iron five inches long. Since a snake can

fused to strike again, though the angry buzzing never ceased. With a movement that was deft from long practice, the hunter pinned down the thick neck with the angle iron, and held the triangular head firmly against the ground. The cold, yellow eyes, with their elongated oval pupils, stared at him, unwinking and unafraid.

Stooping, the man grasped the snake firmly behind the angles of its jaws, and lifted the writhing length clear of the earth, his quick jerks preventing the serpent from throwing a coil around his arm. He detached an ordinary flour sack from his belt, shook it open and, after several tries, succeeded in lowering the twisting body into the bag. He freed his hold, and twisted the mouth of the sack shut. So far everything had gone according to schedule.

As he bent to recover his staff, however, the sack swung lightly against the inside of the man's left thigh, and it so happened that the brief contact exactly coincided with one of the snake's blind strikes against the yielding wall of his prison. Hundreds of times he had carried snakes almost as large as this one in the flimsy bag, taking only ordinary precautions to hold the sack away from his body, without accident. But this time fate had synchronized the movements of bag and snake to a nicety.

There was a sharp blow just above the man's knee, and he felt two red-hot needles enter his flesh. They were needles to all intents and purposes—hypodermic needles an inch in length, down whose hollow centers deadly poison was forced into his blood stream. What he had first dreaded, but eventually come to consider only an unlikely occupational hazard, had happened.

For a breath the man was stunned; then he galvanized into action. Knotting the mouth of the sack, he flung it to one side, drew a belt knife and slashed the tough khaki of his trousers from waistband to ankle. Fumbling for a packet in his shirt pocket, he extracted a regular army tourniquet and applied it eight inches above the two purplish punctures from which drops of blood were lazily trickling. He clenched his teeth and cut deep into his flesh an incision to connect the punctures and a downward slash from each wound. Dropping the knife, he drew a small suction cup from the packet and applied the rubber cap to the now profusely bleeding cuts. The whole procedure consumed not more than sixty seconds.

With grim concentration he worked the pump until he had literally bled white the leg below the tourniquet. When the glass tube of the pump showed only lymph, he loosened the constriction until the veins of his leg were again filled with blood, then tightened the cord and fastened it as securely as possible.



More like a hypodermic needle than teeth, a rattler's fangs are shed on the average of once every twenty days.

His car was parked two hundred yards away, and he made his painful way to it as rapidly as possible. When he reached it, the numbing shock of both the snake's strike and his own heroic treatment had begun to wear away, and the leg was throbbing and aching throughout its length. Its rapid swelling could be judged by the increased tightness of his shoe, and the man paused briefly to slash the leather free before starting the car and heading towards Miami.

In a half-hour he had been admitted to a hospital, with all the resources of modern medicine at his disposal. An injection of serum had been made in the muscular wall of the abdomen, and he was wheeled into the emergency operating room. So far, except for the mental shock and the pain of the cuts, he had felt little effect from the bite. But as the doctors prepared to operate without stopping to administer an anaesthetic, an acute nausea seized him and his skin was bathed in cold sweat. He was semi-conscious as additional incisions were made for drainage and more units of the serum were administered.

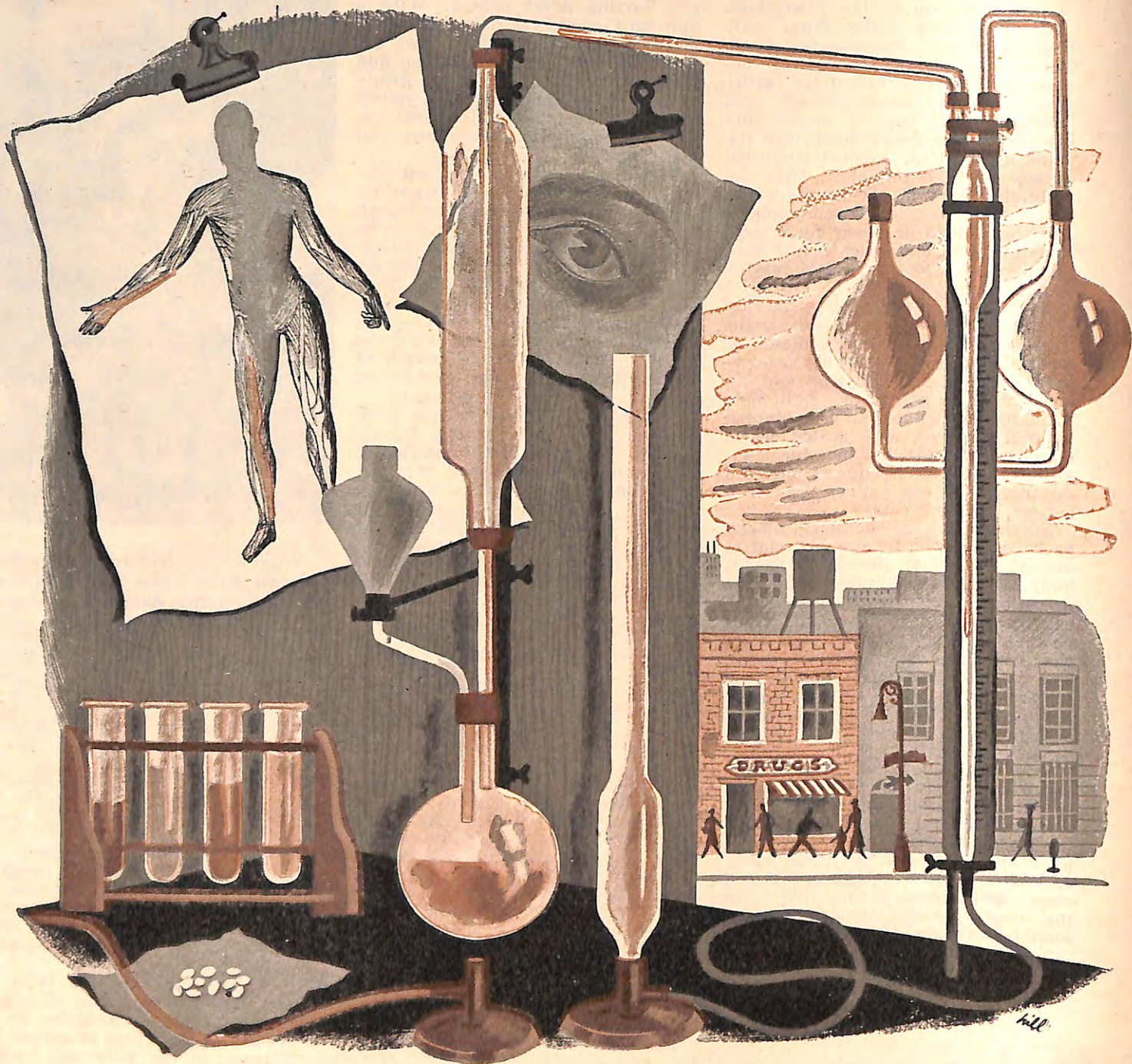
After his removal to a bed, the man grew steadily worse. His body was filled with a terrible burning sensation, and it was necessary to inject opiates to relieve the wracking pain which tore his nervous system.

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By John Hightower

Photos from BLACK STAR

strike not more than from one-third to one-half its length, the staff afforded his margin of safety. He fainted with the rod and the rattler struck, as swift as a beam of light, recovering and withdrawing into his coil in a blur of movement. Successive feints drew strikes until the snake realized that the wooden rod was an insensitive enemy and it re-



THE GLYCOLS are a group of sweet, colorless alcohols that you probably have poured into your automobile radiator in the form of anti-freeze compounds.

Until one of them spread a trail of human death through fifteen States, its poisonous effect on living tissues was known only through laboratory research. Diethylene glycol was the type involved. Given in sufficient amount to rats and frogs, it had invariably killed them, and in some it caused convulsions so violent that they continued even after the subjects' heads had been cut off.

These findings, which clearly indicated that any animal, including

man, probably would react differently to the liquid than an automobile radiator would, were already in print in standard medical journals when a well known drug firm made a tragic diethylene glycol experiment on human beings.

The manufacturer's chief chemist was looking for some solvent for the drug sulfanilamide. This new and remarkably effective germ killer had been produced only as tablets or powder, and the firm's salesmen reported that there was a profitable additional market for a liquid form easily administered to children or to people of advanced age.

Water, common alcohols and other

liquids having failed to hold sulfanilamide in solution, the chemist turned to diethylene glycol, which was reputed to be a powerful solvent. It was. The new sulfa drug dissolved readily, and the firm promptly put out Elixir Sulfanilamide in attractively labelled one-pint bottles. It was checked at the laboratory for "appearance, flavor and fragrance" but no tests were made on animals to determine whether or not it was safe.

The sulfanilamide part of the Elixir might claim a number of extraordinary curative properties, and was being widely prescribed for the distressing and sometimes dangerous streptococcic sore throat and as

a speedy cure for gonorrhoea. But in this case it came in a deadly solvent.

The first tip that a chemical killer was abroad in the land was sent to the United States Food and Drug Administration by a physician who had learned of some strange deaths in Tulsa, Oklahoma, all of them associated with Elixir Sulfanilamide. An inspector was immediately dispatched to the scene from Kansas City. He telegraphed his Washington headquarters that nine persons, eight of them children, had taken the Elixir and that after seven to twenty-one days of intense suffering all had died.

Meanwhile, other inspectors rushed to the factory, and learned that the company already had discovered its

sumably had been consumed, and they had taken a fearful toll. When the case was closed, the inspectors listed 108 persons dead as a direct result of taking the Elixir, and a number of other deaths as probably due to that cause.

Fortunately for the public, such waywardness on the part of drug makers is rare and a tragedy like this, if studied in relation to the vast pharmaceutical business, tends to emphasize the scrupulous care exercised in most laboratories. In many cases the "controls"—or final examinations to insure the safety of each batch of medicine put on the market—cost the manufacturer more than the medicine itself.

Nevertheless, greed, haste, care-

arm of law enforcement is difficult to achieve.

A series of deaths caused by an irresponsibility in packaging and labelling that appears almost unbelievable in retrospect brought one of the country's largest drug firms into federal court in February of this year. The fine of \$15,000 imposed after a plea of *nolo contendere* represented the maximum penalty of \$1,000 on each of fifteen counts.

Word of the new killer involved in this case came to federal inspectors when a young society woman died in a Detroit hospital after a minor operation. A few days later a well known businessman died in the same institution under the same circumstances. There was a sudden death in an Army hospital and an Army nurse was court martialed. A husky shipyard worker died in San Francisco after some minor surgery. In all, fifteen known fatalities were eventually linked with the manufacturer's blunder.

The deaths had one factor in common: all the victims had been given injections of a preparation known as Doryl. The function of Doryl is to relax certain muscular tensions that often follow operations and which interfere with normal elimination of liquids from the body.

Like most drugs intended for injection with a hypodermic needle, Doryl is contained in an ampule, a small, sealed glass bottle which protects the contents until a glass tip is broken off at the time of use. The substance is professionally known as carbamylcholine chloride. The safe injected dosage is a solution containing the very minute quantity of one-fourth of a milligram, and such is the content of the Doryl ampule.

The same firm, however, put out Doryl for another purpose. This was in a powder form intended to make a solution for eye drops. Contrary to usual pharmaceutical practice, this form of Doryl was sold in an ampule almost exactly resembling the other, but in a concentration 600 times as strong.

Both labels bore the name Doryl prominently, and both had the legend, "Do not use intravenously." This warning means that the injection should be made not in the patient's veins but in his muscles, and as nurses related later it gave the plain impression that the strong dosage for eye drops was intended for hypodermic injection. Otherwise, they argued, why print a warning against only one—that is, the intravenous—type of injection? Indeed, the ampules looked so much alike and all the type except the word Doryl was so small that (as a coroner's jury decided) a nurse could not be severely blamed for taking the wrong one from the drug room.

In all cases, the multiplication of the dose 600 times was fatal within thirty minutes and at least one death

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**Greed, haste, carelessness
or stupidity often produce a certain
number of dangerous drugs**

ELIXIRS OF DEATH

By Broadhurst Jackson

Illustrated By HOMER HILL

deadly error. It had been trying to withdraw the lethal substance from the market without public exposure, and to this end 1,100 telegrams had been sent to salesmen and distributors.

But the cautiously worded messages were like shooting a popgun at an armed murderer. The Food and Drug Administration insisted on telegrams that called a spade a spade, and then went into action on its own account.

Public health officials throughout the country were called upon to assist the 239 federal inspectors, and warnings were issued through newspapers and by radio. Many thousands of sales slips and prescriptions were examined, and efforts were made to trace down every individual who made a purchase. The hunt covered the entire country.

Of 240 gallons manufactured, all but eleven gallons and six pints were recovered. The missing portions pre-

lessness or stupidity often produce a certain number of dangerous drugs, and it is no reflection on the industry as a whole that strict regulation is necessary.

An early result of the Elixir Sulfanilamide case was the enactment in 1938 of a new food, drug and cosmetic law profoundly strengthening the arm of the Food and Drug Administration. It was brought out in Congress that while we had laws permitting us to lock up a homicidal maniac, there was little statutory authority for apprehending homicidal drugs. The campaign to stop the sulfanilamide slaughter had to be based on the technical charge that the word "elixir" had been improperly used on the label.

In the six years since the new law became effective, the American public has been a great deal safer from dangerous drugs than it ever was before. But this is a large and complex nation and perfection in any



**Crawford is a
wonderful guy—
at least that's what
the little man says.**

My Brother Crawford

By Jim Kjelgaard

MY BROTHER Crawford is the kindest and gentlest man I ever saw. There's no end to the things he'll do for you. He gives me a home on his farm here in Taglatt County and doesn't take a cent of the five hundred dollars our father left me. All I have to do is work eight hours a day for him, and as soon as I'm eighteen, and worth wages, Crawford says he'll give me some. I have only eight years to wait.

And that man is so kind and gentle to his wife, Matilda, that I guess there isn't a woman in Taglatt County who wouldn't change places with her. Every month, regular as clockwork, he takes her down to the county seat and after the regular shopping's done he gives her twenty-five cents to spend on herself. She always buys candy—Crawford always did say that there's nothing like some nice caramels to chew on the way home.

Crawford doesn't let her work in the fields, either. Anyway, he doesn't want her to. Of course, there's times when a man just can't help himself. For instance, when the Spring plow-

ing was on Crawford had that hurt hand and couldn't plow, so Matilda and I did it. Then at the seeding, Crawford had an upset stomach and couldn't stand out in the sun. When it came time for haying, a horse kicked him and nobody would expect a horse-kicked man to run a mower, or rake, or pitch hay. But when Matilda and I came in from the fields, Crawford always told her how sorry he was that she had to do his work for him. When she'd done her house work at night he made her go right to bed so she'd get plenty of rest, too.

After the haying was finished Crawford got pains in his head that kept him confined to the house, and he didn't recover until the first day of squirrel season. That was just a week before we had to start digging seven acres of potatoes—Crawford would have planted them if he hadn't had a strained back.

THE first day of squirrel season we got up before daylight and Crawford ate seven eggs and eleven strips of bacon—a man must eat if he's going to hunt all day. When we'd

finished breakfast he smiled—that man's like a father to me—and said that I could carry the gun until we got up in the squirrel woods.

I wish that you could see Crawford in action in the woods. He's better than an Indian. We got up in a patch of oaks and he pawed around turning the dead leaves over. Then, without saying anything, he led me into a beech grove and again turned the leaves over. Finally he squatted on his hunkers.

"Desmond," he said to me, "this is going to be a hungry winter in the woods."

"Why do you think so, Crawford?" I asked him.

"There are practically no acorns and very few beech-nuts," he said. "They're the food staples in these woods. Bears fatten on them before they go into hibernation, and if they can't find any they'll raid hog and sheep pens. Deer eat them. Squirrels must have them, and we're going to see very few squirrels here. But a man just cannot afford to pass up anything to eat. Desmond, wake me when you see a squirrel."

Crawford settled down with his back against a tree and went to sleep. I was awfully pleased. Few people would have given me a chance to look for all the squirrels. By and by I saw one, a big gray frisking on a tree. But when I awakened Crawford he jumped up and said, "Huh!" and the squirrel went again. Nor did we see another all day, and when we got back to the house that night Crawford sat in the corner for a long while after he'd eaten his six pork chops and three helpings of potatoes. Then he heaved a big sigh and turned to Matilda.

"Matilda," he said, "I have not been doing right by you."

"Why, Crawford?" Matilda wanted to know.

"Oh," Crawford said bitterly, "I have given you a home. I have given you the love and affection of a good man. But what else have you got? You have no outside interests or

Illustrated By
HAROLD ELDRIDGE

nobbies, and every woman should have some. Matilda, I have made up my mind. Tomorrow I am going to buy you four sheep. They will be all yours. You take care of them, feed them, and whatever profit they bring will be yours alone."

"Oh, Crawford!" said Matilda. She was real pleased.

The next morning Crawford went

out in his Ford pick-up and brought back four sheep. Matilda was so happy that she just jumped up and down, clasping and unclasping her hands and squealing. She combed the burrs out of each sheep, then carefully curried them. Just before bed-time she went out to the little shed behind the house to make sure they were all right.

I think it was about two o'clock when I was awakened by a crash, and sat up in bed to hear the sheep bleating. I hurried out of bed, and almost collided with Crawford and Matilda at the head of the stairs. Crawford had a flashlight in his hand, and when we got out to the shed we saw the side caved in. A little way up the hill one of the sheep was lying with its back broken, and Matilda started to wring her hands and cry. But Crawford went up the hill with the flashlight and hollered back to us.

"Come here," he yelled.

I went up beside him and saw something that just chilled my blood. The light was playing on a bear track fully as long as my own foot. After a minute Crawford snapped the light off and went back to Matilda. He put his arms around her and patted her on the shoulder.

"There, there, don't cry," he said. "It's just a big old outlaw from back in the hills."

"W-will he come back?" Matilda sobbed.

"Yes!" Crawford said, and I wish you could have heard his voice. "But any bear that makes my darling

(Continued on page 58)



But when I awakened Crawford, he jumped up and said, "Huh!" and the squirrel went away again.

**There was water
in the good old days
but taking it internally
was considered a
dangerous experiment.**

FROM the time of their landings on these shores and for more than 200 years thereafter, our forefathers drank hearty. Despite severe legal punishment for excesses, they consumed quantities of liquor so vast as to seem unbelievable to their present-day descendants.

They downed rum (alias kill-devil), whiskey, wine, beer, gin, cider, brandy and fearful and wonderful mixtures. They drank to celebrate the ordination of a minister, lighten the gloom of a funeral, seal a bargain, or raise a barn. That they

never were at a loss for a motive and seldom lacked an occasion is indicated by an early American toast which proposes five reasons for drinking:

Good friends, good wine, because
you're dry,

Or 'cause you may be bye and bye,
Or any other reason why.

The colonists brought their Old World drinking habits with them. Here it was colder and hotter than the climate to which many of them were accustomed. New Hampshire winters and hot buttered rum and

Our Hard-drinking Ancestors



Virginia summers and cool mint juleps seemed essential combinations. All the hard outdoor work to be done made a man weary and thirsty, too, as did salt meat and fish. Hospitality, as commonly conceived, gurgled. Liquor was medicine and entertainment and escape when remedies and outlets were few and far between. Kill-devil killed devils or at least downed them for a count of nine.

Besides, one had to drink something. To be sure, there was water, but nobody in Europe drank it as a constant beverage, so why launch a

Illustrated By

MARSHALL DAVIS

By Fairfax Downey



dangerous experiment here? As early as 1609 the Governor and Council of Virginia were clamoring for breweries, for there had been considerable illness in the colony and it was flatly laid to water drinking. Massachusetts folk conceded that water might be tasted and used sparingly to wash with, but the rumor that Governor Winthrop drank it daily was greeted with incredulity.

Soon many a household had its still, its brewery or its press, and commercial establishments followed. The English brewed their accustomed ale, the Dutch their beer. The Scotch and Irish distilled whiskey from barley, potatoes, corn, or whatever was distillable. Thirsty, thrifty and ingenious, the pioneer settlers extracted liquor from barks, roots, leaves, or almost anything. Virtually all the bountiful yield of the apple orchards became cider, and nobody worried over the lack of a preservative to prevent its turning hard; in fact, European travelers uniformly praised the quality of American

New York forced toppers to take a cure, consisting of three quarts of salted water laced with lamp oil.

cider. The destiny of peaches, pears, cherries, and other fruits was brandies and "bounces". In fact, American fruit growing "had its beginning and for almost 200 years its whole sustenance in the demand for strong drink".

Incredible mixtures were consumed. Cider was spiked with rum to make a drink called "Stonewall". A gill of rum was an ingredient of the Colonial flip, which consisted of strong beer, sweetened with sugar or molasses or dried pumpkin. Into this compound was plunged a red-hot loggerhead or poker to cream it and give it the scorched, bitter taste that was considered one of its charms. Since a flip mug held three or four quarts, it can readily be imagined that not many flips were needed before arguments developed. Drinkers, disagreeing and shaking the flip pokers at each other, were—as we still say—"at loggerheads".

If a list of the liquors early Americans were able to down did not establish them as lusty drinkers, the

(Continued on page 54)

Drinkers, disagreeing and shaking the flip pokers at each other were—as we still say—"at loggerheads".

MIND OVER MIND

By Sully Francis Wollen, M. D.



Hypnosis is a forward step in providing mental and psychological therapy for those who need it.

Through hysterical speeches in which certain of his statements were repeated over and over he conditioned the people to the acceptance of his proposals.

AN EXPECTANT silence pervades G-2 headquarters. The Intelligence courier, newly arrived, is lying on a couch, apparently asleep. But it is an interesting sleep, for the riveted gaze of eight fellow officers surrounds his prone figure like the spokes of a wheel.

A command breaks the stillness. The response from the messenger is immediate and electrifying—he commences to *talk in his sleep!*

The ticking of the observatory clock provides a monotonous counterpoint to his voice—metronomic, precise and unflinching. Pencils move swiftly, carefully taking down every word. Now and then the authoritative questioner cuts in abruptly. Each time the reply comes unhesitatingly, in the same measured tone.

“... and the remaining ships of Convoy 253463 carrying 32,623 personnel; 6,045 military vehicles; 6,954,300 rounds of ammunition will proceed to Latitude 11 degrees 25' North, Longitude 134 degrees 32' East at a speed of 9.75 knots to a rendezvous with...”

Page-long lists of data, intricate numbers and dates of the utmost secrecy are detailed and recorded before the interrogating colonel is satisfied. Then with a few words he awakens the young lieutenant from his hypnotic state and terminates the interview.

The lieutenant has just transmitted a vital message from one theatre of operation to another without the use of a single document which could be intercepted, and without the slightest knowledge of the nature of the message!

Fiction? Perhaps. But one which is easily translated into fact. The uses of hypnotism in modern warfare are well known to Army authorities, according to Dr. A. M. Walker of the National Research Council. Other leading authorities such as Professor George H. Estabrooks of Colgate University are emphatic on the value of hypnotism. In his book he states that a really intelligent individual can memorize a whole book if necessary. Should the individual happen to be an Army Intelligence man and should the

book in question contain detailed military memoranda, we can see immediately the application of hypnosis.

After hypnotic memorization, we could start a messenger out to Australia by plane with the instructions that no one could hypnotize him under any circumstances except Colonel Brown in Melbourne. By this device, we overcome two difficulties. It is useless to intercept him—he carries no documents. Furthermore, no amount of “third degree” can extract the memorized information for the information is not in the conscious mind at all. We could even make him insensitive to pain so that torture would be useless.

THE scene shifts. This time it is an Army hospital. Charles Adams is a bad case. He has completely lost his memory. He is depressed, morose, anxious, jumps and trembles at the slightest noise, even the striking of a match. He has, in short, what the psychiatrists call an anxiety neurosis.

(Continued on page 50)

*For Enjoyment
Unmatched...*



**You'll agree
it's "Mellow as a
Sunny Morning"**

Words can't give you the *taste* of it. But we think you'll agree Schenley Reserve *does* give you an "extra" ... a "special", *not matched*, we believe, in *any other* whiskey you have tasted. Try Schenley Reserve ... it's the most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today. Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.





FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—PM's the Popular Mixer . . .
 it blends with all your friends!
 Pour its satisfying mellowness quickly onto the waiting ice . . .
 add soda, gardenias and cheerios . . .
 and three's not a crowd, it's a party!



IF IT ISN'T

PM

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Above: S/Sgt. Cameron Butte grins happily at Castle De Aino, Italy, feeling that he has a bit of home with him. The American Flag flying beside him—the first one raised in that part of Italy—was the one he received when he became a member of Astoria, Ore., Lodge. He explains nonchalantly that “we weren’t under observation at this point. Just occasional shelling.”

Under the
ANTLERS



Below is the fine group of Elks who got together on Iwo Jima and decided to form an “Elks Club” there. MM 3/c John Peterman of McKees Rocks, Pa., Lodge, was elected Secretary and Treasurer.





Above: With their lodge officers standing proudly behind them, are eight young veterans who recently became members of Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge.



Right: A few of the officials at Omaha, Neb., Lodge's Peace Jubilee are, left to right, J. C. Travis of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Rev. Marcell Keliher, American Legion State Chaplain, Mayor C. W. Leeman and E.R. W. W. Wenstrand.



Left is a photograph taken when two sun-rooms for the U. S. Naval Air Station at Santa Ana, Calif., were donated by Clyde R. Alling of Santa Ana Lodge.

Below: Some of the 75 members of the Cape Cod Navy Baseball League who were entertained at Hyannis, Mass., Lodge's Fraternal Center recently.





Above is the speakers' table when Long Beach, Calif., Lodge entertained Coast Guard Officers, following the recent advancement in rank of Rear Admiral W. F. Towle, USCG District Officer, fourth from left.



Right: A few of the patients of the Livermore, Calif., Veterans Hospital thank representatives of Oakland Lodge for the series of entertainments the Elks are providing for them.

Below at Columbia, S. C., Lodge's Fraternal Center's third anniversary celebration were, seated left to right, Mayor Fred D. Marshall, County Senator Joe E. Berry, Gov. Ransome J. Williams, U. S. Senator Burnet R. Maybank, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Capt. M. G. Kennedy, CO of the Naval Unit at the University of South Carolina, Major Joseph Elliott, CO of the Congaree Marine Air Field, and G. L. Latimer, Jr., publisher.





Above are the 116 ambulatory patients from the hospital at the Santa Ana Army Air Base who were entertained by Orange, Calif., Lodge not long ago.



Left: Warren, Ohio, Lodge turned its home into a Navy Recruiting Station and secured 300 men in two months. Here the front steps of the building are made attractive by living models who are the real military McCoy.

Right: The Elks of Danville, Ill., pack books which will lighten the hours for American soldiers who are faced with the prospect of duty in the Armies of Occupation. The Lodge served as a depot for books destined for men in the 7th Infantry Regiment in Austria.



Below are the members of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge and their ladies, with members of the local Municipal Band, just before they left to entertain the boys at the Veterans' Hospital in Lincoln.





Above are new members of Danville, Va., Lodge and their officers.

SILVER SPRING, MD., Lodge, No. 1677, was instituted August 20th, with the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett adding even greater importance to the occasion. Dr. Barrett officiated, and 110 men were initiated by a Degree Team from nearby lodges. Several hundred visiting Elks with members of the new lodge followed a 25-piece band from Jesup Blair Park to the Silver Spring Armory where the ceremonies were held.

Donald K. Staley, well-known attorney, was unanimously elected Exalted Ruler and Louis H. Nielsen is Secretary. D.D. Ambrose A. Durkin of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, deserves a pat on the back for what he did to get the charter for No. 1677.

HYANNIS, MASS. Seventy-five members of the Cape Cod Navy Baseball League were entertained at the Elks Fraternal Center on September 5th by the War Commission of Hyannis Lodge No. 1549 with the assistance of the national Elks War Commission.

An old-fashioned turkey dinner with all the trimmings was served and P.D.D. Elmer A. E. Richards, Chairman of No. 1549's War Commission, acted as Master of Ceremonies. E.R. Alfred A. Dumont presented the championship silver cup to the Otis Field nine and P.E.R. William H. Madden gave a gold baseball to each team member. English leather wallets were received by Ed Drake, Wellfleet Naval Training Station's leading hitter, Leo Cooney, slugger for the Camp Edwards team, and John P. Grady, leading hitter of the Hyannis Naval Auxiliary Air Facility players.

Commander Harry L. Curtis was the principal speaker on a 15-minute broadcast from the Center over Station WOGB. The evening wound up with a ten-act show.

Right are State Pres. J. Frank Umstot, left, and E.R. William M. Fleming of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, when Mr. Fleming presented his lodge's \$5,000 check to the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children which is operated by the Florida State Elks Assn.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE ORDER

PA. STATE ELKS ASSN. Williamsport Lodge No. 173 rolled out the red carpet to welcome the delegates to the one-day streamlined Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. Aug. 27th. With travel restrictions still in force, attendance was limited, with only 62 registrations reported.

State Pres. Wilbur P. Baird of Greenville presided and new officers for the coming year are: Pres., Dr. Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville; Vice-Pres., Lee A. Donaldson, Etna; Trustee for a five-year term, Frank D. Croop, Berwick. Secy. William S. Gould, Scranton, and Treasurer Charles S. Brown, Allegheny, were reelected and Chaplain Rev. Leo F. Duerr, Sunbury, was reappointed. The officers were installed by Past Pres. Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H.

Grakelow of Philadelphia, who is Chairman of the State Student Aid Committee, reported that his Committee had spent nearly \$7,000, most of it going toward the industrial training or retraining of physically handicapped young men.

The Membership, Student Aid, Rehabilitation and War Committees gave reports and P.D.D. Daniel J. Honan of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, field representative of the Elks War Commission and Past State President, presented an invitation from the Commission to the State Association to assume charge of the entertainment program for veterans hospitals in the Keystone State. The Association unanimously adopted the program, changing its by-laws to handle the job, and appointed Mr. Davis Chairman to put the program into effect.

Eight inactive State committees were dropped and the Publicity Committee had





Left is the satisfying result of an Elks Minstrel Show held by Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge. A check for \$1,500, half of the sum realized through the show, was put toward the \$500,000 Memorial Hospital Fund. The other \$1,500 was turned over to the Notre Dame Hospital at Central Falls.



Left, below, are the remaining charter members of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge who read the minutes of the July 14, 1902, meeting at the lodge session on July 14, 1945.

OMAHA, NEB., Lodge, No. 39, wasn't caught with its plans down when V-J Day came along. Chairman J. C. Travis of the Win-the-War Committee and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was 'way ahead of the game with ideas for making No. 39's "Peace Jubilee", held September 1st, a party to be remembered. As was fitting and proper, the first part of the program was patriotic—with music; advancing of the Colors by a soldier, a sailor and a Marine; an address by Mayor Charles W. Leeman who is a member of the lodge; the Elks' Pledge of Allegiance; a prayer by the Rev. Marcell Keliher, American Legion State Chaplain and Chaplain of the State Guard, Taps and the singing of our National Anthem.

The real celebration was climaxed with the shearing of Robert Nalibow's wartime whiskers by Tom Izzen, the lodge's heavyweight. Mr. Nalibow was a Russian soldier who fought in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. He was wounded, captured and imprisoned by the Japs. After Pearl Harbor he decided that he wouldn't shave until the Japs were defeated, so while the Japs were signing the surrender papers aboard the *Missouri*, after their own close shave, Mr. Nalibow's chin was unveiled in Omaha Lodge's clubroom.

its name changed to Public Relations Committee, with E.R. Victor C. Diehm of Hazleton heading it. Pres. Hogan announced that Past Pres. Davis would head the Rehabilitation Committee, William J. McCord of Pottsville would be Chairman of the Lapsation Committee and Lee A. Donaldson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who did such a terrific job as State Mem-

bership Chairman, would handle that work again, along with his duties as Vice-President.

Pennsylvania is proud of the fact that all 119 of its lodges possess Elks National Foundation Certificates. Retiring Pres. Baird also reported that his State stands first in the nation in payments to the Foundation and to the Elks War Commission as well.



Left is the Degree Team which officiated at the initiation held in conjunction with the institution of Silver Spring, Md., Lodge.

Below, no doubt at practice since their new uniforms are not in evidence, are the "Blue and Red Gridders" who make up the Houghton Grammar School football team which is being sponsored and outfitted by Augusta, Ga., Lodge.





Above, with Illinois Elk officials, are the members of Sycamore, Ill., Lodge's State Champion Ritualistic Team, when they received the Enoch A. Carlson trophy.

Right are P.E.R.'s of Knoxville (Pittsburgh), Pa., Lodge as they presented a check to the Sisters of St. Joseph Hospital for the micro-projector recently acquired by the institution.



VALLEJO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 559, lost one of its founders Aug. 25th when Past District Deputy Frank R. Devlin died at his home in Berkeley. Elected Exalted Ruler when the lodge was instituted in 1900, Mr. Devlin served again the following year. He retained an active interest in the affairs of his home lodge, and gave a great deal of his time and energy to the affairs of the Order, the only fraternal organization with which he was affiliated. He was also active in the formation of the California State Elks Association.

Mr. Devlin was prominent in community affairs and public life, serving as District Attorney and member of the California Assembly for his county. He was twice appointed by the Governor of the State to serve on the California Railroad Commission.

ST. LOUIS, MO. News of the death of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith was received with sorrow by his many friends in the Grand Lodge and the entire membership of St. Louis Lodge No. 9 of which he had been a member for 37 years and was a Past Exalted Ruler. Dr. Smith died of a heart attack at his home September 6th at the age of 67. Elks ritualistic services conducted at the Lawrence Mullen Chapel the next evening by Past Exalted Rulers of No. 9 were followed by the funeral services on September 8th at Christ the King Catholic Church and interment in the mausoleum of Calvary Cemetery.

Dr. Smith was initiated into the Order by East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664. A few years later, having moved to St. Louis, he transferred his membership, becoming affiliated with the lodge there on Jan. 4th, 1908. His appointment as Esquire in 1917 was followed by his election as Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1918, Esteemed Leading Knight in 1919, and

Exalted Ruler in 1920. In 1921-22 and 1922-23 Dr. Smith served as District Deputy for Missouri, East. In 1924 he became a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee and was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight the next year. In 1928 Dr. Smith became a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee once more, serving three consecutive terms. He was also active in his State Elks Association, serving as Vice-President in 1939-40.

Dr. Smith was born August 19th, 1878,

at Flora, Ill. Graduated from Rush Medical School in Chicago in 1905, he became an instructor, and later a professor of surgery at St. Louis University. Between 1915 and 1926 he was a volunteer at the City Hospital. Maintaining offices in the Humboldt Building, Dr. Smith practiced surgery up to the time of his death and was a staff member of St. Mary's, St. John's and Alexian Brothers' Hospitals. He is survived by his widow, a daughter and a sister.

(Continued on page 61)



Right is the championship bowling team of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge, which walked off with 19 trophies in recent months.

A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



DANGER again faces many lodges! As building construction restrictions are lifted, plans are being made everywhere to remodel present lodge homes and to build new ones. This is a healthy sign if sound judgment is used by those who are making the plans. It is unhealthy if careful thinking gives way to Utopian dreams. Over-building has weakened strong lodges in the past. History will repeat itself unless we are guided by experience. Because war dollars came easily many of us forget that years of depressed income may occur. Over-large buildings require large overhead—overhead that continues on into lean-income years.

Finance companies now carry huge balances of dollars which they are anxious to put to work. They will encourage borrowing. Easy present income upon the part of lodges, coupled with easily-found borrowed capital, presents a real danger signal.

Many times in various cities I have had pointed out to me buildings that have been constructed and occupied by fraternal organizations, lost only because of huge overhead. Seldom do later quarters compare with those occupied prior to the building of the "dream castle". Membership dwindles because few wish to link their names with a failing institution. I repeat the statement made in my speech of acceptance in New York City, "We do not want any more 'former Elks lodge homes' studding the landscapes of American cities."

Clean and adequate buildings and facilities

are to be desired. Substantial, well-financed homes indicate that substantial lodges live within. We are preparing a booklet showing suitable interiors and exterior plans for buildings of various sizes. It is not the intention to illustrate plans from which a contractor can proceed to construct, but to give helpful suggestions to committees making their own plans. No such guide can be made perfect in meeting the need of every community—that would be impossible. Ours, however, will be of help to some. It will be sent without cost to every lodge which requests it.

The Grand Lodge requires a subordinate lodge to secure a permit from the Board of Grand Trustees before buying, selling or substantially remodeling property. Evidence must be shown that there is a sixty per cent equity existing and that there will be sufficient income to maintain the building. Necessary blanks for securing the permit are furnished upon application by the Grand Secretary. This is of course a precautionary measure and will be recognized as sound.

Let us be grateful in this Month of Thanksgiving for Elkdom, for America and for a world at peace!

Wade H. Kepner

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER



Above: Elk dignitaries at a dinner held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Conference at Portland, Ore. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan is shown in the white suit, with Mr. Kepner to his right.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, on September 15-16, attended the annual meeting of the **IOWA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** which was combined with the 50th anniversary celebration of **MARSHALLTOWN LODGE NO. 312**. Over fifteen hundred enjoyed the banquet and floor show at the Coliseum on Saturday the 15th, and on Sunday the degree team of Decorah Lodge No. 443 initiated a "Wade Kepner Class" of 60 new members. The Grand Exalted Ruler, met at the train by a large delegation, rode through town on a fire truck.

On the following Tuesday Mr. Kepner visited **COLUMBUS, O., LODGE, NO. 37**. He was met at the Airport by P.E.R. C. W. Wallace, Secy. of the lodge and a former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. The four-day program with which the lodge was celebrating its 60th anniversary was concluded that evening with a banquet and ball honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler. About 250 attended including some of Ohio's most distin-



guished Elks and many lodges were represented by delegations. A feature of the celebration was the initiation of a class by the State championship degree team of New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510.

On September 21st the Grand Exalted Ruler dedicated the new home of **BROOKLYN, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 22**. The ceremony

Below, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland on his left, Mr. Kepner (both in white suits) is seated at the head of the table, surrounded by Elk officials, at a dinner held at Atlanta, Ga., during his District Deputy Conference there.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, seated third from right, with distinguished Elks at his District Deputy Conference in Houston, Tex.

Right: At the important Conference at Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, State Pres. Stephen A. Compas, Mr. Kepner, E.R. Judge Fred Miller and D.D. J. Robert Paine, left to right, enjoyed a pleasant luncheon.



was attended by about 750 including Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878.

Until the 29th of September when he left for the Middle West, Mr. Kepner was busy in New York State, holding conferences and attending meetings. On the 22nd he conferred with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the southern part of the State at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. In the attendance of 185 were Judge Hallinan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, and the staff from the War Commission's office. Another meeting of the same type was held by the Grand Exalted Ruler for upstate New York on Sunday the 23rd at **ROME LODGE NO. 96**, with 250 in attendance.

Beginning on Monday, the 24th, Mr. Kepner followed his itinerary by making four more visitations. First he was the guest of **ELMIRA LODGE NO. 62** at a banquet, addressing approximately 450 representatives of the N. Y. South Central District. On the 25th he dined with 200 prominent citizens at a noon luncheon given in his honor by **WELLSVILLE LODGE NO. 1495**. That same evening he visited

OLEAN LODGE NO. 491, addressing 600 who attended the banquet, initiation and lodge meeting held in conjunction with the visit of District Deputy Frank E. Morton.

On the 26th the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to two hundred and fifty luncheon guests at **ROCHESTER LODGE NO. 24** and visited **ONEIDA LODGE NO. 767** that evening where the attendance approximated four hundred. Another large turnout of between four and five hundred was on hand for the banquet and lodge meet-

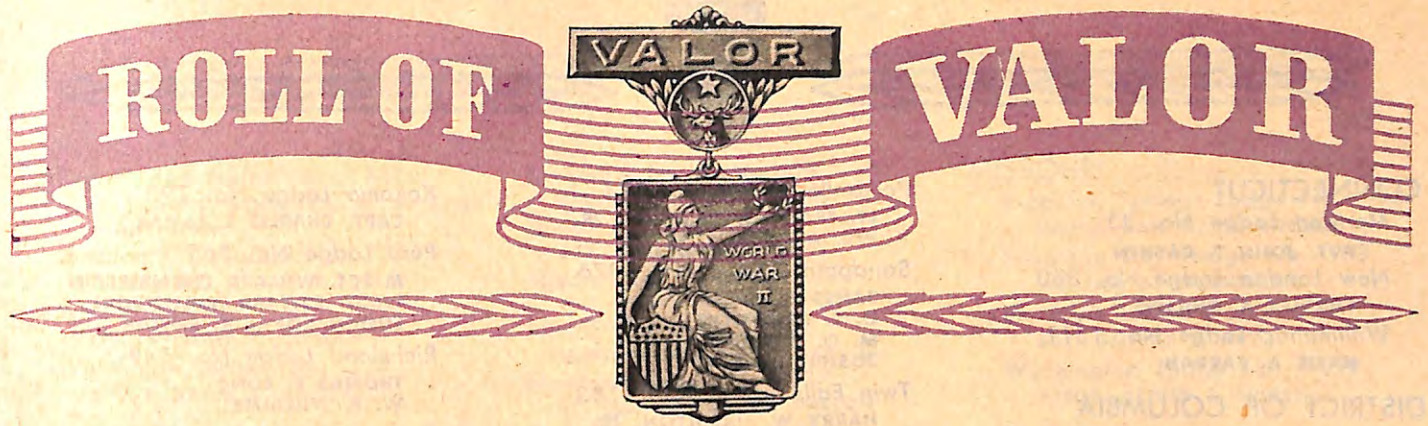
ing on September 27th when Mr. Kepner visited **HUDSON LODGE NO. 787**.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was honored by **BEACON LODGE NO. 1493** on the 28th at a banquet prior to the evening meeting with about 600 attending.

Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, representing the Elks War Commission, Mr. Kepner flew to Cleveland, O., on Saturday, Sept. 29th, where he was met by a large group of officers of the lodges in the Cleveland district and driven to Lorain, O., for the meeting put on by **LORAIN LODGE NO. 1301** for its distinguished member, Admiral Ernest J. King. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the audience of 700, as did Admiral King who expressed his admiration for the Order and the pride he takes in his membership. He also gave formal recognition of the splendid work of the Elks War Commission.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan, D.D. J. P. Breckel, Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner and E.R. Ralph G. Percival, left to right, bottom row, are shown with other prominent Elks when Mr. Kepner visited Vancouver, Wash., Lodge recently.





Below are listed names of those additional members of the Order who have given their lives in the service of our Country, and whose families have received the Medal of Valor from the Elks War Commission. If any who have given their lives in the service of our Country, and whose families have not received the Medal of Valor, send their names, rank and branch of Service to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York.

ALABAMA

Florence Lodge No. 820
EDWARD T. DOUTHITT, USMC

ARIZONA

Bisbee Lodge No. 671
PAUL MERRILL

Clifton Lodge No. 1174
BERL STACEY

Douglas Lodge No. 955
MAJOR KENNETH ALSPAUGH KING,
U. S. Army

Kingman Lodge No. 468
JOHN WESLEY COBB
LT. ERNEST L. EMERY

Nogales Lodge No. 1397
JAMES F. SON

Prescott Lodge No. 330
LOUIS J. PRICE

ARKANSAS

Little Rock Lodge No. 1655
CAPT. CLARENCE A. ROTH, JR.

CALIFORNIA

Alameda Lodge No. 1015
EDWARD F. EATON
FLOYD W. HAULMAN

Alhambra Lodge No. 1328
PFC. ROBERT W. KANGAS, U. S. Army

Berkeley Lodge No. 1002
HERBERT A. MILES
HARRY PIPER

Coalinga Lodge No. 1613
EARL W. MABREY

El Centro Lodge No. 1325
PFC. SILAS AMBROSE JOHNSON

Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415
CHARLES M. POE

Inglewood Lodge No. 1492
CAPT. HOWARD WHEELER

Long Beach Lodge No. 888
TREVOR H. FOX
EDWARD G. O'LEARY
FRED O. STOKES

Los Angeles Lodge No. 99
JOE BERTINO
HENRY W. LEDERER
MILTON W. ROSE

Merced Lodge No. 1240
DONALD RICHARD Le PELL

Napa Lodge No. 832
HENRY B. PESCIO

Oceanside Lodge No. 1561
GEORGE R. BARLOW
HERBERT A. DOUGHERTY

Ontario Lodge No. 1419
MAJOR JAMES A. WILLIAMS

Orange Lodge No. 1475
MAURICE R. GIBBS

Oroville Lodge No. 1484
J. M. FLATTER
HOWARD S. GOULD
E. L. HARRIZ

Palo Alto Lodge No. 1471
ENSIGN A. URBAN JOHNSON, USN

Pasadena Lodge No. 672
PFC. GEORGE M. BERTONNEAU
SGT. CLARK E. SMITH

Redding Lodge No. 1073
ELTON BARKER

Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378
PVT. REDGE ASHCRAFT

San Diego Lodge No. 168
ROBERT GRAME

San Fernando Lodge No. 1539
HOWARD D. PHIPPS, JR.

Santa Ana Lodge No. 794
J. D. COBB

Santa Cruz Lodge No. 824
DOUGLAS W. YOUNG

Santa Monica Lodge No. 906
JAMES R. SCRIVEN

Visalia Lodge No. 1298
JACK KOLLER

Watsonville Lodge No. 1300
CBM CARROLL G. SANDHOLDT, USN

CANAL ZONE

Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414
WALTER GRANT GARDNER, JR.

COLORADO

Alamosa Lodge No. 1297
LT. J. R. NORTON

Delta Lodge No. 1235
RICHARD R. DAY

Denver Lodge No. 17
ROBERT C. LEE
LT. JAMES E. (HART) MAYO

Fort Collins Lodge No. 804
CPL. GILBERT NEERGAARD

Grand Junction Lodge No. 575
LT. RALPH E. DOWELL
PVT. DON M. POLLARD

La Junta Lodge No. 701
PVT. E. GORDON ROBERTS, U. S. Army
PVT. JESSIE G. SWEET, USMC

Longmont Lodge No. 1055
PVT. THEO LEROY TODD

Montrose Lodge No. 1053
CAPT. CARLL D. COFFMAN
SGT. EDWARD G. GERON

Rocky Ford Lodge No. 1147
KENNETH H. JOHNSON

Telluride Lodge No. 692
S/SGT. THOMAS B. McMAHON, JR.



CONNECTICUT

Meriden Lodge No. 35
PVT. JOHN T. CASHEN
New London Lodge No. 360
CHARLES A. PHILLIPS
Willimantic Lodge No. 1311
HASIB A. FARRAH

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Lodge No. 15
PFC. ANGELO ADAMS
SEAMAN MICHAEL COLLINS, USN

FLORIDA

Daytona Beach Lodge No. 1141
LT. CORNELIUS CHRISTIANCY, JR.
De Land Lodge No. 1463
LT. ROY J. BOONE
PVT. SAMUEL E. STONE, JR.
Key West Lodge No. 551
FRANCIS P. BRUNETTI
Miami Lodge No. 948
LT. LEOPOLD P. RIEBENBAUER
New Smyrna Beach Lodge No. 1557
LT. JAMES A. WHITE
Orlando Lodge No. 1079
CAPT. JEROME C. SERROS

GEORGIA

Atlanta Lodge No. 78
SGT. JOSEPH BALLA, USMC
LT. EDWARD H. STILL, U. S. Army
Columbus Lodge No. 1639
HOWARD B. HERALD
Dublin Lodge No. 1646
PVT. TALMER P. HANLEY
Griffin Lodge No. 1207
HOKE S. COOLEY
Valdosta Lodge No. 728
LT. BRUCE B. RABUN

GUAM

Agana Lodge No. 1281
ALFRED JOSEPH TYSON, USN

IDAHO

Boise Lodge No. 310
J. R. HUGO
CLAYTON M. JONES
VAUGHN R. KIMBALL
LT. RAYMOND MOSS
LT. JOHN O. SHARP
GERRARD N. SMITH
LYMAN F. WEST
Burley Lodge No. 1384
DAN L. McGRATH
SGT. JASPER J. RICHARDSON
LT. DeLOY TAYLOR
LT. OSBURN WHITELEY
Coeur d'Alene Lodge No. 1254
JAY J. WILLIAMS, USN
Idaho Falls Lodge No. 1087
MARK W. MERCER
JEWELL C. PETERSON
Moscow Lodge No. 249
FREDERICK GRAY FULTON, JR.
WALTER K. GARRETT

Pocatello Lodge No. 674
LT. FRANK J. CAMPBELL, JR.
PFC. ARTHUR M. SCOTT

Sandpoint Lodge No. 1376
JAMES D. CASSIDY
O. E. JOHNSTON
M. O. REINHART
JOSEPH WALLACE

Twin Falls Lodge No. 1183
HARRY W. HAMILTON, JR.
RUSSELL W. LIPPERT
GAIL A. SINCLAIR
EMMETT L. TOMLINSON

Wallace Lodge No. 331
SAMUAL J. CLEM
EUGENE R. GLAHE

ILLINOIS

Alton Lodge No. 746
CAPT. BARCLAY BOYD BEEBY
LT. COMMANDER THOMAS W. MILLER

Carmi Lodge No. 1652
LT. RICHARD C. REESE

Champaign Lodge No. 398
CPL. GLENN MOOREHEAD

Danville Lodge No. 332
CPL. GEORGE HAROLD PARRISH

De Kalb Lodge No. 765
LT. GEORGE LAUBE, JR.
LT. SAMUEL H. LOVELL

Dixon Lodge No. 779
MAJOR JAMES H. KETCHIN

Fairfield Lodge No. 1631
SGT. KENNETH KAYS
CPL. CLARENCE PARKER

Jacksonville Lodge No. 682
F/O JACK W. JAMES
S/SGT. JOSEPH W. RYAN

Lawrenceville Lodge No. 1208
LT. DAVID B. GOLDIN

Marion Lodge No. 800
LT. CARL E. AVIS
MAJOR HERBERT L. GARRISON

Mendota Lodge No. 1212
PVT. EMERY HILL

Sycamore Lodge No. 1392
CPL. GLEN C. UNDERWOOD
LT. JAY D. UNDERWOOD
MAJOR WOODROW WALSH

Woodstock Lodge No. 1043
S/SGT. JAMES KOBLER

INDIANA

Alexandria Lodge No. 478
GENE D. STRICLER

Columbia City Lodge No. 1417
T/SGT. VIRGIL E. GRABLE

East Chicago Lodge No. 981
CLARENCE J. NELSON, JR.

Elwood Lodge No. 368
SGT. LAIRY McCAREL

Gary Lodge No. 1152
PFC. MILES O. STANLEY, JR.

Kendallville Lodge No. 1194
CAPT. WILLARD P. SHERIDAN

Kokomo Lodge No. 190
CAPT. CHARLES L. LaMAR

Peru Lodge No. 365
M/SGT. WILLARD CHAMBERLAIN
T/SGT. EDWARD MULLENDORE
ENSIGN ROYAL R. SNYDER

Richmond Lodge No. 649
THOMAS B. LONG
W. B. WILLIAMS

Seymour Lodge No. 462
LT. JAMES F. BELDON, JR.
SGT. EDWARD TINCH

South Bend Lodge No. 235
CAPT. FRANCIS THOMAS FARRETT
SGT. ROBERT H. PHEBUS

Sullivan Lodge No. 911
CHIEF YEOMAN ROBERT G. TAYLOR, USN

Terre Haute Lodge No. 86
LT. KARL HECKELSBERG, JR.

Valparaiso Lodge No. 500
LT. GILBERT H. BUTLER
JOHN T. McBRIDE, JR.

Vincennes Lodge No. 291
PFC. ORA C. ELLIS

Wabash Lodge No. 471
JAMES COLLOPY

Warsaw Lodge No. 802
CORLYSS J. PAULUS

IOWA

Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251
RODERICK F. MacDOUGAL
LT. JOHN KENT PAVLIS, USN

Clinton Lodge No. 199
EDWARD H. BRUGGENWIRTH

Council Bluffs Lodge No. 531
LT. WILLIAM B. ROBINSON

Dubuque Lodge No. 297
WILLIAM E. QUIRK, JR.

Iowa City Lodge No. 590
LT. COL. HERMAN H. JACOBSEN

Muscatine Lodge No. 304
CHIEF JOSEPH A. DAVIDSON
T/SGT. KARLE E. KOLMERER

Red Oak Lodge No. 1304
S/SGT. RICHARD CLYDE STOUT

Shenandoah Lodge No. 1122
SGT. MERRIS C. BROMLEY

Sioux City Lodge No. 112
LT. ROBERT P. LONGLEY

Waterloo Lodge No. 290
PFC. MAURICE Z. CREW
PVT. ROBERT L. DUDOLSKI

Webster City Lodge No. 302
SEAMAN 2/C JAMES J. GLEASON
PVT. R. G. JULIAN
PVT. MAYNARD McGERREN
S/SGT. FRANK R. McKISICK

KANSAS

Augusta Lodge No. 1462
LT. LYNN MAHANNAH

Concordia Lodge No. 586
LT. PHIL PEDCHERT, JR.
LT. ROBERT L. TROWER



Great Bend Lodge No. 1127
 LT. LESLIE L. SCHREIBER, U. S. Army
 Air Forces
 Junction City Lodge No. 1037
 LT. HAROLD A. MILLER
 Pratt Lodge No. 1451
 LT. RAYMOND L. COBEAN
 Wellington Lodge No. 1167
 S/SGT. RALPH T. DRESSBACK

KENTUCKY

Bowling Green Lodge No. 320
 SIGNALMAN 3/C FRANK LAWRENCE
 WIDLOCHER, USN
 Catlettsburg Lodge No. 942
 PFC. RUFUS McCALL
 Covington Lodge No. 314
 SGT. EUGENE G. FINKE, JR.
 Frankfort Lodge No. 530
 SGT. CHARLES E. SPAULDING
 Madisonville Lodge No. 738
 OLLIE WALLACE CLAYTON
 Newport Lodge No. 273
 ERNEST P. BRADY

LOUISIANA

Franklin Lodge No. 1387
 LT. HARRY L. TROWBRIDGE, JR.
 Natchitoches Lodge No. 1363
 LT. J. H. CUNNINGHAM
 New Orleans Lodge No. 30
 SIDNEY FREUDENSTEIN, JR.

MAINE

Bath Lodge No. 934
 RICHARD J. CUMMINGS
 ALFRED M. ERDLE
 RALPH W. MacDONALD
 HOWARD S. TOBEY
 Biddeford-Saco Lodge No. 1597
 LT. DONALD A. BAKER
 EDGAR P. GARON
 Millinocket Lodge No. 1521
 GERALD L. SMART
 Waterville Lodge No. 905
 CAPT. HARRY E. BARRON

MARYLAND

Cumberland Lodge No. 63
 CPL. JOHN F. GRANAY
 Easton Lodge No. 1622
 LT. ROY LEON JONES
 Frostburg Lodge No. 470
 BEVERLY A. HAYES
 Hagerstown Lodge No. 378
 FRED L. JUDD

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams Lodge No. 1335
 LT. COL. FREDERICK R. ARMSTRONG
 Framingham Lodge No. 1264
 PVT. ARNOLD J. FROST, USMC
 Gloucester Lodge No. 892
 CPL. RALPH JOHN GREELY, USMC
 Hudson Lodge No. 959
 FRANCIS J. DONOVAN, JR.

Lawrence Lodge No. 65
 CPL. GEORGE F. CALNAN, JR.
 Lowell Lodge No. 87
 SGT. VINCENT R. McLEAN
 Middleboro Lodge No. 1274
 PVT. WILLIAM L. SUKEFORTH
 Natick Lodge No. 1425
 CAPT. LEONARD H. FOLEY, JR.
 Newton Lodge No. 1327
 LT. COL. EDWARD F. DALTON
 Taunton Lodge No. 150
 SGT. JOHN E. SANTOS

MICHIGAN

Coldwater Lodge No. 1023
 LT. WILLIAM R. ACOCK
 Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48
 JOHN G. GROTENRATH
 Ionia Lodge No. 548
 PVT. LOUIS E. HAYDEN
 LT. COL. EDMOND SMITH
 Ironwood Lodge No. 1278
 LT. FRANK JAMES HAGER
 Jackson Lodge No. 113
 LT. FRANCIS E. CALLAHAN
 Lansing Lodge No. 196
 CPL. THOMAS L. SHIELDS
 Manistee Lodge No. 250
 LT. STANLEY J. RYKALA
 Marquette Lodge No. 405
 S/SGT. ROY LEONARD ECKSTROM
 Muskegon Lodge No. 274
 CPL. WILLIAM A. YOUNG
 Port Huron Lodge No. 343
 PFC. SANFORD N. YOUNG
 Royal Oak Lodge No. 1523
 ED. RENGER, JR.
 Saginaw Lodge No. 47
 PFC. ROBERT ALLEN SCHMIDT
 St. Joseph Lodge No. 541
 RAYMOND ADLER
 Sturgis Lodge No. 1381
 T/SGT. HERMAN H. RAUDMAN
 Traverse City Lodge No. 323
 S.F. 1/C JAMES MATHIAS BREITHAUP, USN

MINNESOTA

Faribault Lodge No. 1166
 PFC. BERNARD A. SHEA
 LOUIS W. SIEMER, USN
 Fergus Falls Lodge No. 1093
 LT. KENNETH AAKERHUS
 Owatonna Lodge No. 1395
 PVT. LAWRENCE J. McDONALD
 St. Paul Lodge No. 59
 LT. KEITH F. BISSONETTE, U. S. Army
 Air Forces
 PFC. FRED GEISSERT, U. S. Army
 PFC. EUGENE CARL OKESON, USMC
 Willmar Lodge No. 952
 SGT. WILLARD F. SCHULDT

MISSISSIPPI

Canton Lodge No. 458
 LT. MILTON H. TEPPER
 Gulfport Lodge No. 978
 FREDERICK A. LANG

MISSOURI

Excelsior Springs Lodge No. 1001
 MAJOR DAN A. TARANTOLA
 Jefferson City Lodge No. 513
 WILLIAM D. WOHRMAN
 St. Louis Lodge No. 9
 SGT. GEORGE F. ARTH
 Washington Lodge No. 1559
 S/SGT. ALFRED E. HURST

MONTANA

Anaconda Lodge No. 239
 CAPT. HARRY E. LARSEN
 Butte Lodge No. 240
 PVT. JOHN W. TOKLE
 Cut Bank Lodge No. 1632
 MARCEL CLOUTIER
 RICHARD DAVIS
 Havre Lodge No. 1201
 KENNETH J. WHITE
 Kalispell Lodge No. 725
 DONALD D. REESE
 Missoula Lodge No. 383
 NORMAN C. STREIT, JR.
 Red Lodge No. 534
 SGT. PETER JOSEPH FRANKOVIC

NEBRASKA

McCook Lodge No. 1434
 DEE N. MALICK
 North Platte Lodge No. 985
 R. CLAIR DEATS
 PAUL PETERSON
 Omaha Lodge No. 39
 PFC. LYLE VAN DEUSEN
 PFC. JOHN R. HAUPTMAN
 LT. EDWARD J. JELEN
 FLIGHT OFFICER BRUCE F. JEPSON
 CPL. JOHN C. MURPHY

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont Lodge No. 879
 PETTY OFFICER JOHN J. TOWNSEND,
 JR., USN
 Franklin Lodge No. 1280
 CPL. JEREMIE DOUCET
 PVT. ANTHONY H. PANDINI
 Laconia Lodge No. 876
 RAYMOND A. BOLDOC
 NELSON J. DYER, JR.
 ANSELME LAROCHE

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City Lodge No. 276
 SGT. JAMES BREY
 Belleville Lodge No. 1123
 LT. EDMUND M. SADLOCK
 Bridgeton Lodge No. 733
 CAPT. LOUIS R. KATZ
 Burlington Lodge No. 996
 LT. WILLIAM S. CONROY, JR.
 Dover Lodge No. 782
 PFC. BENJAMIN GREENBERG
 Elizabeth Lodge No. 289
 LT. FRANCIS X. COAKLEY
 S/SGT. JOSEPH P. WILLIAMS



Hackensack Lodge No. 658
CAPT. ALBERT C. LANGE, JR.
Lambertville Lodge No. 1070
PFC. EDWARD WALTER WORTHINGTON
Montclair Lodge No. 891
PHILIP E. MARION
Ridgefield Park Lodge No. 1506
HOWARD FACKIENER
Ridgewood Lodge No. 1455
T/SGT. GARRET COOPER, JR.
LT. COL. MORT L. O'CONNELL, JR.
Rutherford Lodge No. 547
CAPT. ARTHUR E. BROCK, USMM
S/SGT. CARLYLE H. MALMSTROM
PVT. EMIL H. WINTER
Somerville Lodge No. 1068
SGT. JOHN BASILONE, USMC

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Lodge No. 461
SGT. MAX C. BACA, JR.
ERNEST A. CALDWELL, JR.
JOHN F. WAFFORD, USN
Las Vegas Lodge No. 408
LT. TRENT OWEN ST. JOHN
Santa Fe Lodge No. 460
RICHARD C. PRETNER
Silver City Lodge No. 413
J. W. TURNER, JR.

NEW YORK

Auburn Lodge No. 474
HERBERT H. RIGBY
Bath Lodge No. 1547
CAPT. LAWRENCE L. THORNTON
Buffalo Lodge No. 23
PVT. JAMES R. HAGAN
Catskill Lodge No. 1341
PFC. ROWLAND E. ALSID
Corning Lodge No. 1071
PVT. ROBERT E. BLACKMAN
Elmira Lodge No. 62
LT. DAVID HORWITZ
Freeport Lodge No. 1253
CPL. AUBREY E. BURCH
Glens Falls Lodge No. 81
SGT. ROBERT O. GOODSON
Gloversville Lodge No. 226
PFC. PAUL H. ROWLEY
Lancaster Lodge No. 1478
LT. RUSSELL F. CREGO
Mechanicville Lodge No. 1403
PVT. FRED H. BECK
Olean Lodge No. 491
SGT. WILLIAM CERVANTES
CLARE O'DELL
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Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1946 Grand Lodge Session. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their schools and colleges. For more than ten years these awards have made it possible for many superior students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are:

	Boys	Girls
First Prize	\$700	\$700
Second Prize	600	600
Third Prize	500	500
Fourth Prize	400	400
Fifth Prize	300	300
Five \$200 awards.....	1,000	1,000
Five \$100 awards.....	500	500

Eligibility

Any student in the senior class of a high or college preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, may enter this contest.

Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism and general worthiness are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Form of Application

The Foundation Trustees furnish a blank entitled "Memorandum of Required Facts", which must be filled out in typewriting and made a part of the student's presentation. The Trustees do not furnish any other blank nor do they insist on any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by orderly, concise and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business-letter size), bound neatly at the left side in a heavy paper binding which can be procured at any stationery store. Remove all letters from envelopes and bind the letters flat. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, athletics, leadership, community service or other activities may be attached, but the applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

In addition to the "Memorandum of Required Facts", which should be first in the cover, we suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of the applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, summarizing activi-

ties and accomplishments which the applicant thinks qualify him for one of the awards.

3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or other person having knowledge of the facts, presenting a picture of the family situation and showing the applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. The applicant's educational history from first year of high or college preparatory school to date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority, showing the courses taken, the grades received and the rank of the applicant in the class. The different methods of grading in the schools of the country make it desirable that the school authority, in addition to furnishing the formal certificates, state the applicant's average in figures on the basis of 100% for perfect.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of the applicant from at least one person in authority in each school.

6. Two or three letters of endorsement from responsible persons, not related to applicant, who have had an opportunity personally to observe the applicant and who can give worthwhile opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of the applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident, stating that he has reviewed the application and verifies the substantial accuracy of the statements contained therein.

Applications that do not conform substantially to the foregoing requirements will not be considered.

Only students of outstanding merit, who show an appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of 90% or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

Filing of Applications

The application, verified by the proper subordinate lodge officer, must be filed on or before March 1, 1946, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association of the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be judged by the Scholarship Committee of said Association and, if approved as one of the quota of applications allotted to the State, be forwarded to our Chairman not later than April 1, 1946.

The officers of the subordinate lodges are requested to give notice of this contest to the principals of the high and preparatory schools and the deans of the colleges in their vicinity, and to cause this announcement to be published in the lodge bulletin. Members are requested to bring this announcement to the attention of qualified students.

Request for blanks and other information should be addressed to John F. Malley, Chairman, 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED BEFORE MARCH 1, 1946

The Haunted Widow

(Continued from page 7)

fore he went away, Dana had given me a little budgeriga. Remember? A little blue and white love bird. Gil had always hated it. Dana mentioned the bird in his letter and that very afternoon I came up here to my room..."

She pointed across to one of the windows which looked out down a gentle wooded slope to the Mill Race and the Old Mill House. Dangling in front of it was an empty lacquer bird-cage.

"The budgeriga wasn't in the cage. I searched everywhere. So did Marie and Sally and even Aunt Emma. Then, that evening when I went to bed, I opened a drawer in the Beidemeyer desk, the drawer where I keep Dana's photograph. The budgeriga was there. It was lying sprawled across Dana's picture. Its neck was twisted. It was dead."

The silence, when she stopped speaking, was brittle as burnt paper.

"I was horrified, but I suppose I was too happy about Dana's letter really to think much about it. The next day I wrote back to Dana that I would marry him. I was blissful. I told him I was going to give up mourning that very day and wear the red and grey evening dress which he always used to love so much."

Her hand, stroking the spaniel, froze. "When it was time to dress for dinner, I came up here. I went to the closet. I took down the dress that Dana had loved and..."

She rose and crossed to a closet with the spaniel following her. She took out a grey and red dress on a hanger. She brought it to me, holding it up.

"Look!"

It was quite a shock. The dress must have been beautiful once. It was nothing now. It had been slashed into a hundred tattered fragments as if mutilated by a maniac.

Laura dropped the dress on the floor and sank into her chair. "That's when I first started to remember what Gil had said about haunting me. The budgeriga, the dress—they were so exactly the sort of things Gil would do. And both of them were connected with Dana's return. He mentioned the budgeriga in his letter. I mentioned the dress in mine."

Her lips were quivering. "Once the thought of Gil came, it was an obsession. Night and day, whatever I did, wherever I went, he seemed to be there. He was just beyond the door. He was just behind the curtain. And that song of his, 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.' It's always as if I'm half hearing it—as if at any minute the silence is going to stop and there will be his jaunty, horrible whistle, whistling that tune. Even now, with you here, I can feel him—like a chill in my blood."

Her long, thin hand covered her face. "All the time I was longing for Dana's answer and yet dreading it because I was sure, when the letter came, something would happen. It came—three days ago. He had mailed it in Honolulu on his way home."

In spite of myself, the bewildering eeriness of that tale was infecting me.

"In the letter," she said softly, "Dana mentioned the portrait he'd painted of me in the old days. Gil had been perverse about it, had refused to let me hang it. Dana wanted it framed before he came back. I had it in here—in the closet. I came up to get it out."

Once again she rose, moving silently across the golden, sun-splashed carpet to the closet. She came back carrying a picture with its painted surface hidden from me. With an almost theatrical movement she turned the canvas so that I could see.

"Look, Hugh."

The portrait was very simple, just Laura in grey standing in front of a gold curtain. Once it must have been beautiful, but something had happened to it that had turned the

beauty into a horror, something that reminded me of the last gruesome pages of *Dorian Gray*. The focus of obscenity was around the mouth and the eyes. Tiny, subtle lines, obviously not from the artist's hand, were etched there making the face an evil, decomposed thing, a face that might come in a nightmare of ravaged graveyards and ghouls.

I took the canvas from her. She sat down again without a word. The little spaniel was lying somnolently at her feet. She picked it up and as she set it in her lap it whimpered.

I touched the canvas with my fingers, trying to trace just what had been done to it.

"Acid or caustic of some sort," I said, adding weakly, "Maybe there was something in the closet, some chemical that rubbed up against it."

"As if there'd be chemicals in the closet," broke in Laura passionately. "Oh, it's no use being reasonable. Listen to the rest of the story. Yesterday Dana wired from San Francisco that he was going to fly East. I knew he'd want me to get the Mill House ready for him. I went down there with Marie. While we were working, Kitson brought me a pack-



"Confidentially, I sleep raw."

age. It was flowers wired by Dana—two dozen white roses. I put them in a vase. They were beautiful. There was nothing wrong with them. Nothing. Then later Marie went back to the house and I was in the kitchen. When I came out of the kitchen—” She paused, her lips trembling. “—I saw the roses right away. I saw the change. There was blood. . .”

“Sally told me,” I said quietly.

“I had to tell Sally and Aunt Emma then. I’d been keeping it from everyone. I was frightened that they’d think I was mad.” Her gaze showed an extremity of despair. “Oh Hugh, Hugh, what am I going to do?”

The horror of the last weeks had brought her close to the breaking point. I crossed to her, putting my hand on her slight shoulder.

“There’s one thing you can do, Laura. You can forget all this about Gil, for the simple reason that dead men do not come back from their graves.”

A flicker of relief showed in her eyes but almost immediately the old terror was back.

“Then, then if it’s not Gil . . . Oh, Hugh, if it’s not Gil, it’s me. I am mad. I’m doing it all myself.”

“You killed your own budgeriga, slashed your own dress, ruined your own portrait?” I smiled at her. “You don’t really believe that, do you?”

“But—but if. . .”

“There’s a perfectly normal explanation. Someone in the house has been intercepting and reading your correspondence with Dana. That person’s been deliberately doing these horrible things to frighten you into abandoning the idea of the marriage.”

“Oh, Hugh, do you suppose I haven’t thought of that? But how can it be? There’s only Sally and Aunt Emma here. Both of them gain enormously if I do marry Dana. Sally’s terribly in debt. And Aunt Emma—well, it’s mad to think of Aunt Emma anyway. She’s imprisoned in that chair.”

“There’s Kitson.”

“Kitson? Yes, I think Kitson hates me and I think he’d hate Dana if he knew I was marrying him. But how could Kitson possibly think up such fiendish things?”

“Your maid?” I said, “Marie?”

“She’s been with me for years. Whatever I did, she’s always been on my side.”

Laura dropped back against the

turquoise upholstery of the chair. “No, Hugh, the solution is not as simple as that. That’s why I was hoping that you, as a doctor. . .”

“As a doctor,” I said, “I can tell you there’s only one cure—the police.”

“The police!” She sat up very straight. “Oh, no, Hugh.”

“You won’t have to worry about publicity, scandal. Inspector Cobb over at Grovestown is a great friend of mine. Let me tell him everything, Laura.”

The little dog in her lap whimpered again. As if glad of an excuse to evade an answer, Laura bent and crooned to it comfortingly. When she spoke, her voice had the same old despair.

“This morning a telegram came from Dana, Hugh. It said he’d be here by 10:30 tonight. I wired the next airport. I told him not to come here, that I’d meet him at the Mill House.” Her gaze met mine. “You see what I mean? Since the blood on the roses, there’s been another communication from Dana.”

“But nothing’s happened, has it?”

“Not yet.” She added stubbornly, “But it will. I know it will.”

The little dog whimpered again. The whimper trailed into a yelp of fear and pain. It jumped up and a sudden spasm convulsed its body.

“Tansy!” cried Laura. “What is it? What’s the matter?”

The dog’s eyes were rolling. It started gasping for breath. With another whine of terror, it rolled off Laura’s lap and lay twitching on the floor.

“Tansy!” Laura dropped to her knees beside the dog. “Help me, Hugh.”

I moved to her side. But before I reached her, there was a final convulsion and it was over.

“She’s dead,” whispered Laura bleakly.

“Yes,” I said, feeling a tingle of horror. “I’m afraid she is.”

Laura’s face was close against mine. “She was Dana’s dog,” she breathed. “Don’t you see? It’s happened. Tansy was Sally’s present to Dana. Dana loved her, and she’s dead.”

I thought she was going to faint, but she didn’t. I helped her over to the bed where she lay down submissively, her hand over her eyes. I rang for Marie.

“Listen, Laura,” I was very stern now, “that dog was poisoned—and not by a ghost. With your consent or without it, I’m going to Inspector Cobb.”

She stirred against the gold spread. “If you think it’s best, Hugh.”

“I know it’s best. And here’s my advice as a friend and a doctor. There’s no reason to believe worse things aren’t going to happen. We’ve got to take sensible precautions. I insist that you stay right here in your room until the time comes to meet Dana. I also insist that you



“Well, well—what an unpleasant surprise!”

The Right Combination of Tastes

TO BE really appetizing, a canape, an hors d'oeuvre must please the taste... and to do that, it must be made with patience, skill and imagination.

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marry Dana as soon as possible and get away from this house."

The hand dropped from her eyes and she looked up at me earnestly. "You really think it's all right for me to marry him?"

"It's not only all right," I said. "It's the only possible thing for you to do."

The maid came in. I picked up the body of the dog. It was pathetically light. Ignoring Marie's startled questions, I left the room.

I had only just stowed Tansy's body in the rumble seat of the car when Sally and Dawn returned from the kennels.

I didn't tell Sally about the death of her beloved Tansy but I was able to reassure her that I had persuaded Laura to marry Dana. I told her to let Aunt Emma know too, and started for Grovestown.

After the grim scene in the upstairs room, it was a relief to listen to Dawn's cheerful and enthusiastic account of her afternoon with the unhaunted spaniels. It was an even greater relief, when I reached Grovestown, to see the solid dependable face of Inspector Cobb. I told him everything that I had learned from both Sally and Laura. It is always impossible to tell what is going on in Cobb's mind. He listened in silence, his china-blue eyes fixing my face while he sucked on the pipe which he invariably kept unlit. When I had finished, he made only one, rather startling comment.

"Any chance," he asked, "that this Laura Bedell murdered her husband?"

"Murdered Gil?" I stared blankly. "Good heavens, no. I attended him myself. He died of leukemia. Why

on earth do you ask?" I demanded.

Cobb took the pipe out of his mouth and put it down on his desk. "I don't rightly know, Westlake. I guess it's just that there's something about the set-up that smells of—murder."

Dawn and I were late getting home and were scolded straight into supper by Rebecca, our colored cook. After we had sat down, I noticed Dawn's hands were dirty. My perfunctory paternal rebuke was greeted with righteous indignation. It wasn't dirt, claimed my daughter. It was medicine. She had helped doctor one of the spaniels and it wouldn't come off.

"Even Aunt Emma tried scrubbing them," concluded Dawn importantly. "She's wonderful in that wheel chair. She can whiz along and turn corners and everything. She..." My daughter broke off with a triumphant whoop. "You should talk about dirty hands, Daddy. Yours are dirty too."

I looked down and saw with some embarrassment that she was correct. But Dawn was too full of Aunt Emma's prowess with the wheel chair to exploit her victory.

"She does it all with her hands, Daddy. She has wonderfully strong hands. Can't she really walk?"

I gave her a vague precis of the causes and effects of paralysis which soon tired her and, when dinner was over, she disappeared with Hamish.

Left alone, I moved with a glass of brandy to the living room fire. I fervently hoped that the brandy might help me work out a reasonable explanation for the horrible and so far utterly inexplicable things that were happening to Laura.

For over an hour I struggled with the problem. Someone was trying to make Laura believe that Gil's ghost had come back from the grave to stop her marriage with Dana. And yet the marriage was to everyone's advantage—to Sally's to Aunt Emma's. There had to be some quite different set of factors which I had never considered. But—what?

My mind stuck there, but gradually a new thought began to form. I had persuaded Laura to go ahead with the marriage after all. That meant that if the "haunts" had been intended to stop her, then... Tonight Dana himself was going to put in an appearance. What if...?

I reached to pick up my brandy glass from the mantel. As I did so, the dark stains on my fingers came into the direct beam of the light. I stared at them, and with a clarity sudden as a blinding flash of light, all my half-formulated thoughts slipped into place. I saw exactly what had been going on in the Bedell house. I saw too, with mounting alarm, that the danger now might be far more deadly, more immediate than I'd ever dreamed.

I glanced at my watch. Ten minutes after ten. My pulses racing, I ran out of the house, jumped into my car and started driving recklessly toward the Bedell property.

There was a full, summer moon. The light it cast was so clear that I could see the expression of veiled curiosity on Marie's alert French face as she opened the front door to me.

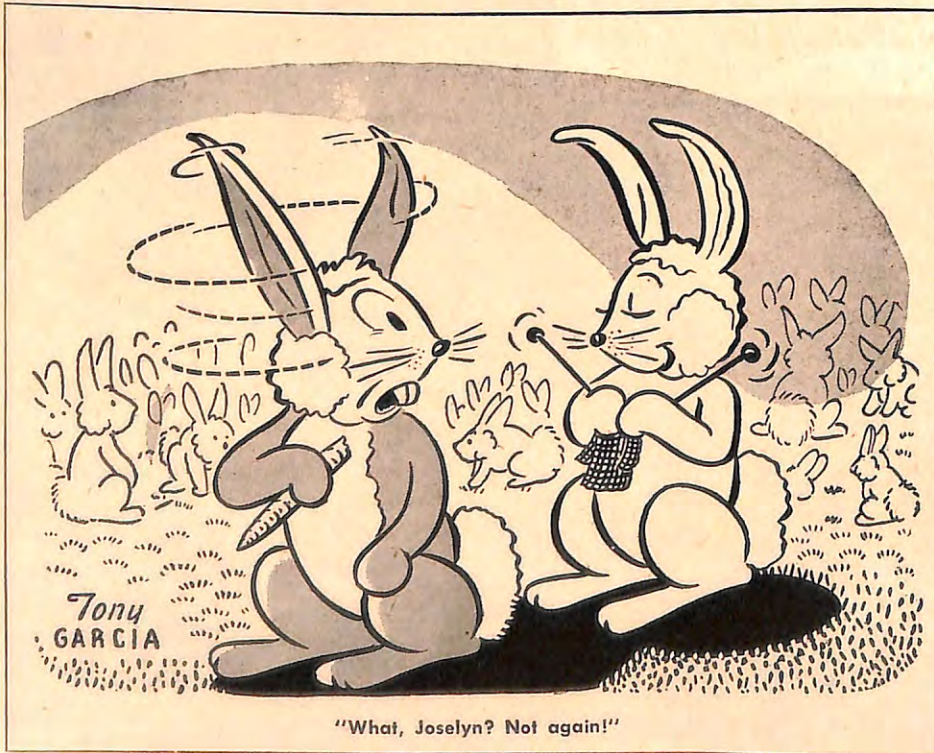
"Mrs. Bedell?" I asked urgently. "Madam has just left for the Mill House. If you wish to speak to Miss Bedell, or..."

"No, no. Which way did she go?" "She walked down through the garden. She started just a few moments ago. If..."

I didn't wait for anything more. I ran around the house toward the gardens which stretched down to the river and the Mill House. In the moonlight I could see the soft expanse of lawns, fringed by dark trees. I could hear the distant roar of the water tumbling over the mill race. The country tranquillity of the night heightened my sense of impending doom.

A series of paths wound down the slope. I chose one at random. As I ran down it, I strained my eyes in vain for a figure in front of me. I called Laura's name. There was no reply.

At length the path swerved to the right and the mill race came into view below me with the precarious little foot bridge which crossed it to the Old Mill House looming pale and unlighted on the opposite bank. At that same instant, I caught sight of Laura emerging from a patch of shadows to the right of the bridge. I called her name but my voice must have been drowned by the din of the mill race. She neither paused nor



"What, Joselyn? Not again!"

Blatz Beer

A Pointer
for *Good Taste*



looked back. She had reached the bridge now. I saw her step onto the frail planks.

I started forward and had almost reached the bridge when the incredible thing happened.

Very faintly, merging with the rush of the water, I caught the sound of someone whistling a tune. Dim though it was, I recognized the melody with a tingle of incredulity, as Gil's tune, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground". And, as I stared, a figure appeared at the far end of the bridge, barring Laura's way. The eeriness of the moment was indescribable. The figure stood quite still. I could see the vivid black and white of a tuxedo. Gil had always worn a tuxedo at dinner and he had always taken a stroll across the bridge . . . smoking. The red tip of a cigarette glowed in the darkness.

That figure was weird as something indeed come from the grave.

It was Gil to the life—or to the death.

Laura was half way across the bridge when she saw it. She stopped dead. I ran across the clattering boards toward her. Just before I reached her, the figure melted away and Laura threw her hand to the wooden rail to support herself.

There was an instant wrenching sound of splitting wood. The part of the handrail she clutched broke loose. Laura screamed and toppled. I grabbed her arm just one second before she would have plunged into the swirling water of the mill race below.

"Gil," she was babbling incoherently, "It was Gil. I saw him. I . . ."

"The handrail, Laura," I panted. "It was sawn through. That wasn't Gil. That was your murderer."

Beyond us in the darkness surrounding the Mill House, I heard confused shouts and the sounds of a brief struggle. Then, astonished, I heard Inspector Cobb's calm voice calling.

"Got her, Joe?"

"Yeah," called back another male voice. "We got her all right."

Laura was crying softly. I led her into the Mill House, turned on the lights in the living room and helped her to a couch. At that moment Inspector Cobb came in.

"Well, Westlake, I guess we both had the same idea at the same time. I've had my men here all evening." His eyes twinkled faintly. "Good work, saving Mrs. Bedell. I didn't think about the handrail. We were too busy watching the 'ghost'."

"But . . ." Laura, pale and bewildered, stared at us—"but, Hugh, I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," I said quietly. "We were right about those first haunts. They were attempts to frighten you off marrying Dana. If you'd given up the marriage, you wouldn't have been hurt. But, thanks to me, you decided to go ahead with it. That's why there was the last haunt tonight—and this haunt was to kill you. I suddenly realized the danger. That's why I rushed here. It was a damnably ingenious plan too—to scare you with Gil's ghost so that you'd lean against the sawn handrail and kill yourself. An accident. That's what it was supposed to be. Dana would have come and

seen you down there in the mill race drowned—by accident."

"Yeah," murmured Cobb. "That's how I figured it, too."

Laura shivered. "But who . . . ? Tell me . . . who?"

There was a scuffling outside. The door swung open and two policemen came in, dragging a bizarre, disheveled figure in a tuxedo. At that moment I would hardly have recognized Sally Bedell. With her cropped mannish hair and the wild, unbridled hatred in her eyes, she looked uncannily like her brother.

She was glaring at Laura, making a terrific effort to break from her captors.

"It's her fault," she screamed. "It's all her fault. If it hadn't been for her, he'd have married me. Dana was mine. He . . ."

The Inspector said, "Okay, Joe. Take her out to the car."

The men dragged Sally off. Laura stared after them.

"Sally!" she whispered. "I can't believe it. I . . ."

"I figured it was Sally," I broke in. "I didn't know the motive then, but I guess it's pretty plain now. It's kind of pitiful, in a way. I guess Dana meant more to her than getting the money. And when she wanted something, nothing stopped her. She was Gil's sister all right."

"I never dreamed," Laura shivered. "Oh, I knew she'd been fond of Dana. But I never dreamed . . ." Her voice trailed off. "But Hugh, tell me—how did you guess?"

I held up my stained hands. "I touched that painting this evening. Dawn had been down at the kennels with Sally doctoring a dog. Her hands were stained too. I realized suddenly that both stains were made by silver nitrate. That meant it was she who ruined the portrait. She'd have been able to make up the delayed action capsule that poisoned Tansy, too."

"But Sally was the one who asked you to help, Hugh. She'd have been crazy to bring you in if—if she'd been doing it herself."

"It was Aunt Emma who sent her," I explained. "Sally couldn't have refused without sounding guilty. She had to come."

Laura's lips were trembling. "You saved my life—both of you. How can I ever thank you?"

Inspector Cobb looked sheepish. I said, "It wasn't so wonderful."

The warm room, so lovingly prepared for Dana's return, was very quiet. Faintly, above the mill race, I heard the throb of an approaching car. Laura heard it too. Her eyes were shining.

"Dana."

I glanced at Cobb. "Better be pushing along."

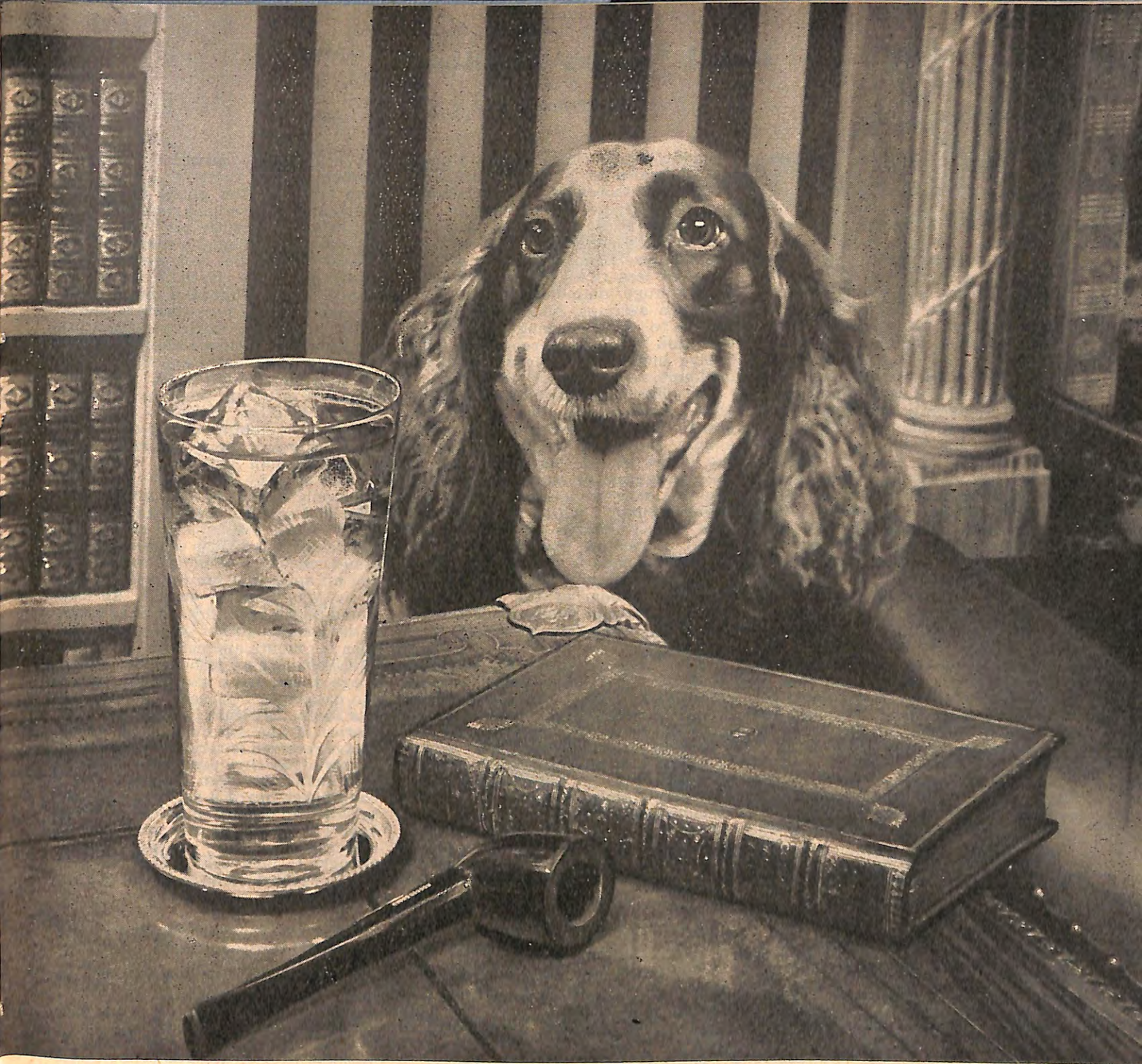
Cobb nodded.

Before we left, I patted Laura's shoulder.

"Don't forget," I said, "to invite us to the wedding."



"Silly boy! Don't you know that only girls keep hope chests?"



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Death Wears Diamonds

(Continued from page 9)

The venom of a rattlesnake is haematotoxic in its effect; it breaks down the red corpuscles of the blood and the walls of carrying vessels, bringing on a severe dehydration of the entire body.

Now, the patient suffered from a burning thirst but was unable to retain the tiniest swallow of water. His blood pressure fell rapidly, until the pulse was but faintly discernible. He vomited, throwing up thick, clotted chunks of coagulated blood. Although the maximum dose of ten cubic centimeters of serum had been given, the attending doctors decided that additional measures were necessary to save the patient's life. Another ten c.c.'s of the serum were injected intravenously into each arm, but it apparently had little effect. Fifteen hundred c.c.'s of saline solution were injected directly into the chest wall to compensate for the body's dehydration, and adrenalin was administered as a heart stimulant.

After a bitter struggle, science won out. For ten days the man was on the critical list, suffering the tortures of the damned as his system fought to throw off the effects of the venom. He was hospitalized for two weeks, and almost four months of semi-invalidism followed—a severe penalty for an instant's carelessness.

And that snake hunter was only one of the hundred-odd people who every year are bitten by poisonous serpents within the borders of the United States!

With the exception of northern Maine, New Hampshire and parts of

Vermont, every State in the Union has its quota of poisonous snakes, and in two-thirds of that territory they are represented by one of the twelve varieties of rattlesnake native to this country. Our rattlers range in size from the pigmy rattlesnake of less than a foot in length to the huge diamondbacks of our Southern swamps, which have been known to reach a length of eight feet and a circumference of over twelve inches. A rattlesnake is bad medicine, regardless of size.

Our Eastern Diamondback, *Crotalus adamanteus*, is the largest North American serpent and ranks among the most deadly snakes of the entire world. As contrasted to the egg-laying, or oviparous, snakes, the rattler is viviparous, and bears living young. While as a general rule the deadliness of a poisonous snake varies in proportion to the amount of venom it injects, laboratory tests have definitely proved that the venom of the rattlesnake is more toxic in younger specimens; in other words, he's a menace from birth.

Since Biblical times, snakes have held a morbid fascination for mankind and it is only natural that many superstitions have attached themselves to the tribe. Among the common fallacies widely believed regarding the rattlesnake are: That he always gives his warning rattle before striking; he can be as silently vicious as a cobra when surprised. That his tender under-belly is so sensitive that he will not cross a horsehair rope, and that, consequently, enclosing your bed with a horsehair

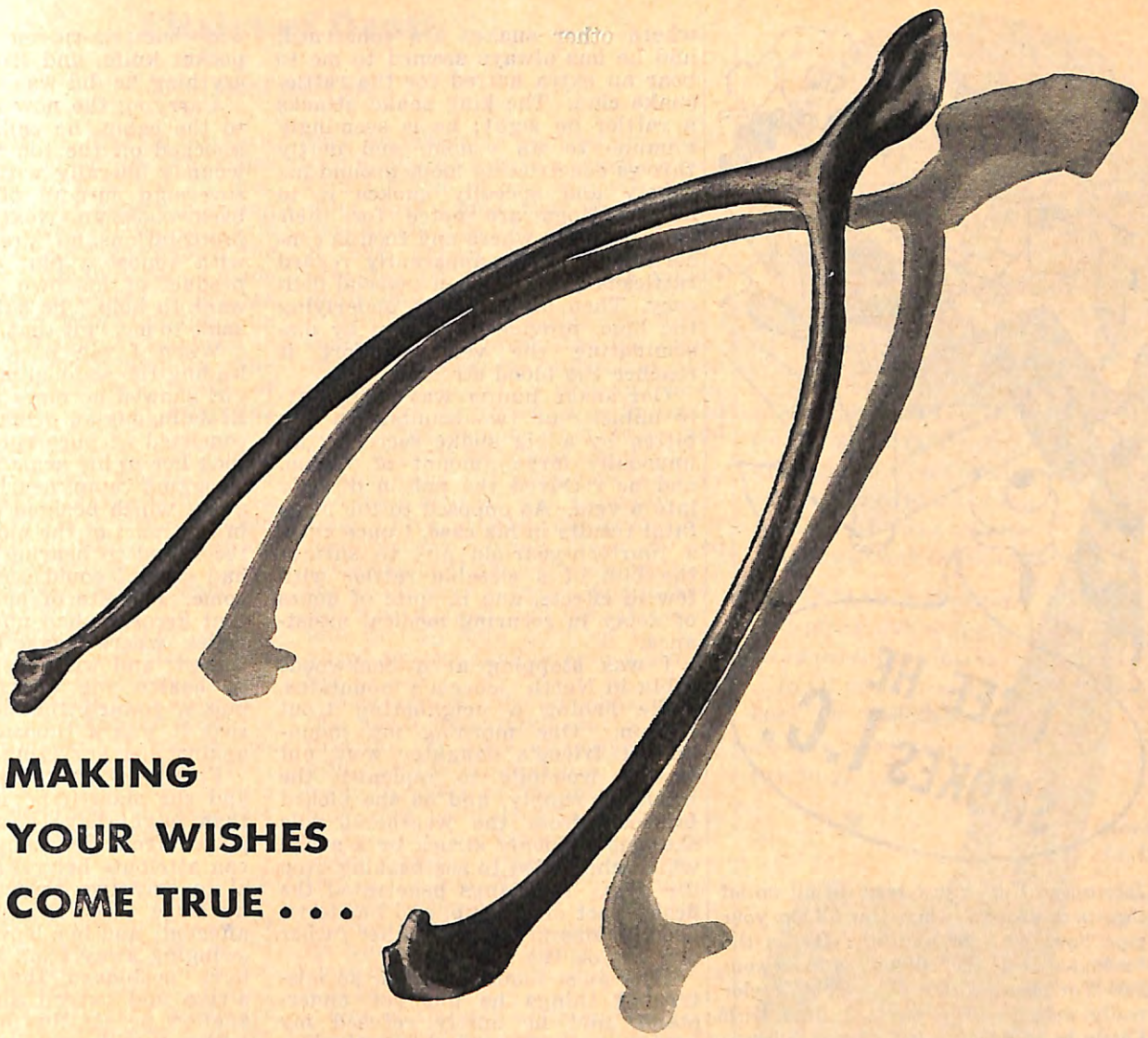
loop will insure protection against warmth-seeking rattlers; I have seen them cross broken glass, horsehair, cactus and knife-edged rocks without hesitation and with no indications of discomfort. That he must coil before striking; he can strike with deadly accuracy from a loose, S-shaped loop. That the number of rattles he bears is an accurate gauge of his age, each rattle representing one year; the rattles really mark the changing of his skin, and their number may depend on food, condition and even injuries. That he, in common with other serpents, has the power of immobilizing a bird by his hypnotic stare; he is no more of a hypnotist than you are. That, especially on the Western plains, he commonly lives in perfect amity with prairie dogs and owls; the rattlesnake feeds exclusively on warm-blooded prey, and it is certain that he would consider a tender young prairie dog an appealing *hors d'oeuvre*, and if he was hungry enough an owl would be a tasty tidbit. That in times of danger the mother rattlesnake will open her mouth and permit her young to seek sanctuary in her body, to disgorge them, none the worse, when the danger has passed—this fallacy has been as widely circulated as stories of the mythical hoop-snake. I have received letters from dozens of men who say they are ready to swear that they have seen it occur, but I have never heard a reputable herpetologist admit its possibility. Nor have I ever noticed any symptom of maternal instinct in any snake, though I have seen them display marked gastronomic leanings toward their young.

STILL another widespread belief about rattlesnakes is that they avoid water, and that when forced to enter it they will invariably hold their rattles protectively above the surface. The biggest rattler I ever killed was found in the middle of Florida's Banana River as I was returning from a duck hunt. I could imagine nothing that could have caused him to enter the two-mile-wide stream other than his own desire to get on the opposite side. He may have been an exceptional rattler who just didn't give a hang, but I can certify that his rattles were fully submerged as he swam along with the same body movement used in dry-land navigation.

Excepting man himself, the rattlesnake has only two invincible foes in nature—the king snake and the humble pig. Given the opportunity, he will flee from them cravenly. The beautiful and harmless king snake is notable for his gentle nature as a pet, but he can be a demon incarnate



"Oh for goodness sakes, Wiggins, don't tell me you got another raise!"



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The Elks Magazine



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"I see he smokes I.C."

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where other snakes are concerned, and he has always seemed to me to bear an extra hatred for the rattlesnake clan. The king snake attacks a rattler on sight; he is seemingly immune to its venom, and deftly throws constricting loops around his enemy and speedily chokes it to death. Hogs are noted for their catholic taste where any food is concerned, and they apparently regard rattlesnake meat as an especial delicacy. Their layers of fat, underlying the hide, provide protection by disseminating the venom before it reaches the blood stream.

Our snake hunter was particularly unlucky on two counts: He was bitten by a big snake secreting an unusually large amount of venom, and he received the poison directly into a vein. As opposed to the near-fatal results in his case, I once knew a fourteen-year-old girl to survive the bite of a sizeable rattler with few ill effects, and in spite of hours of delay in securing medical assistance.

I was stopping at a backwoods cabin in North Georgia's mountains, while fishing a neighboring trout stream. One morning my mountaineer friend's daughter went out to the woodpile to replenish the kitchen's supply, and as she picked firewood from the weathered pile she was suddenly struck by a snake which she failed to see basking atop the logs. The fangs penetrated the fleshy part of her hip, and her terrified screams brought both her father and me on the run.

Like most mountain men, he mistrusted things he did not understand, and he curtly refused my advice and offer of the snake-bite kit I habitually carried. While I stood by helplessly, he violated almost every principle of snake-bite treatment. He did slash across the fang marks, but he used the crusted

and bacteria-ridden blade of his pocket knife, and from then on everything he did was wrong.

Carrying the now hysterical child to the cabin, he called for a lamp, knocked off the top and doused the wounds liberally with coal oil, that sovereign cure-all of the Southern backwoodsman. Next, in spite of my protestations, he "drenched" the girl with almost a pint of corn liquor, product of his own still. "Ef you want to help," he said in a hurried aside to me, "git that mare saddled!"

When I ran back to the cabin, leading the saddled mare, the crying girl showed no more effect from her Brobdingnagian drink than if it had consisted of pure spring water. He took her in his arms and set out for a logging camp, nearly twenty miles away, which boasted the only doctor in that part of the mountains. I was reconciled to hearing that the child had died; I could see no other outcome. In spite of his faith, I knew that kerosene had no curative properties where snake-bite was concerned; and with the liquor serving to hasten the distribution of the poison toward the heart, I figured that it was a thousand-to-one shot against her surviving the ride.

Five days later the girl was back, and she showed no more ill effects than might have been logically expected from her hangover alone! I can attribute her miraculous survival to only two things: There were no large blood vessels in the area affected; and her loose cotton dress, swinging away from her body, must have cushioned the force of the strike and caused an exceptionally shallow penetration by the fangs.

But I still say that anyone who survives the strike of a rattler, without practical first-aid measures and subsequent expert medical treatment, is living on borrowed time from that second on.



Elixirs of Death

(Continued from page 11)

was instantaneous. In this instance, the nurse was about to administer the same dose to a second patient, and Doryl's prompt action in killing patient No. 1 saved the life of No. 2.

When the facts became known, the Food and Drug Administration made another of its sweeping round-ups and through the records of the drug firm and its distributors managed to recall virtually every ampule. The powerful ophthalmologic form of Doryl was repacked and relabelled to avoid future tragedies.

Probably the greatest hunt for a dangerous drug ever staged was in 1942, when federal inspectors and an erring manufacturer traced down 410,000 tablets in which the strong sedative and habit-forming drug phenobarbital had been mixed in with sulfathiazole.

In this search 1,593,000 invoices of dealers were examined, and weary inspectors thumbed through 592,000 doctors' prescriptions in a desperate attempt to avert harm or death to innocent consumers. It was necessary to visit 12,807 drug distributors, to check in some way on the nation's 60,000-odd drugstores, to broadcast warnings by radio and to enlist the help of the press.

The grave danger was not to reasonably healthy persons, since accidental taking of phenobarbital would merely make them drowsy or at worst put them to sleep. It lay rather in the fact that sick persons taking the adulterated sulfa drug would get less of this powerful new curative agent than their physicians prescribed, and that moreover—especially in the case of pneumonia patients—they might be drugged into a coma by the phenobarbital content, with fatal results.

The strange effects of the so-called sulfathiazole were first noted by a Massachusetts state health officer who notified federal authorities. A visit to the manufacturer revealed that the mistake already had been discovered—a laboratory worker apparently had taken a scoop out of the wrong barrel when mixing the stock—and that the firm had quietly recovered all but 118,000 of the pills.

Code numbers identify each batch of a drug that goes from the laboratory, and this error had been made in lot M 029. Owing to the practice of grinding up broken tablets and combining them with the next lot, bottles coded M 118 and M 169 also were under suspicion.

The Food and Drug staff spent 3,502 man-days hunting down the missing tablets, and the magnitude of the task called for cooperation of an estimated 25,000 public health workers throughout the country. In one Texas city, nurses made 300 calls in a day and a half. In North Caro-

lina, an inspector went by car, horse and finally by foot to a remote mountain cabin to recover a bottle of the drug, and found that the staunch backwoods wife who had been taking it had indeed been mysteriously dropping off to sleep in the middle of the day.

Because sulfathiazole in many cases had been prescribed for gonorrhea, some sensitive callers had given doctors false names and addresses, and it was largely to these imperiled anonymous persons that press and radio appeals were addressed.

At the end, the inspectors felt they had done all that was humanly possible. Five deaths occurred. The manufacturing firm's president and chairman of the board were replaced, the goods were seized, a fine of \$15,800 was imposed, and the laboratory was divided into cubicles to safeguard against further errors in mixing.

Shortage of glycerine has caused two small manufacturers to substitute the explosive nitroglycerine in medicine for internal use. They hit upon the idea of purchasing dynamite and recovering nitroglycerine by treating the sticks with alcohol. Federal inspectors nipped this practice in the bud. The curative use of nitroglycerine consists of very minute doses, carefully administered for certain heart conditions. It is no more safe in ordinary medicine than it is in a bomb.

One of the ugliest lethal drugs of recent years had cancer sufferers for its victims, and it came not from a commercial house but from a respectable, philanthropic research institution.

Like a newspaper or a detective force, the Food and Drug Administration has its "pipelines" through which it receives confidential tips. From such a source came word of a suspicious death of a cancer patient in Florida, who had received an injection of a new serum known as Rex 152.

An inspector who went to the scene encountered one of the rare physicians who refuse to cooperate in drug investigations, and this man named a firm in Canada as the source of Rex 152. A phone call sent an agent from Buffalo to investigate and he quickly wired back that the doctor's story was false. Confronted with this denial, the frightened medical man named the venerable foundation in an eastern city as the true source of the serum. Inspectors moved in, seized all the Rex 152 they could find, and then plunged into the shipping records for another of their races against death.

It was learned that the research which produced the serum had been

(Continued on page 60)

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Red AND Gun



Two-gun Trullinger shoots holes through the necessity for 'scope-sighted rifles.

By Ray Trullinger

GENTS who can find their way out of a ten-acre woodlot unassisted must derive frequent chuckles from the amusingly misleading essays which bloom on occasion in the fin, feather and fur gazettes. If, for instance, some genius conceives the unique idea of mounting a 1-X 'scope sight on his shotgun, it's six, two and even some swivel-chair firearms expert will come up with a piece extolling this new theory of wingshooting. The fact a shotgun shooter has about as much need for a 'scope sight as he has for a hole in his cranium is of course not stressed.

However, the glass-sight-on-a-shotgun is only one of many dizzy ideas which have been sold to gullible readers within the past few years. For two decades these same gun savants have been urging this country's deer hunters to toss their reliable old lever-action 30-30s on the nearest scrap heap and replace them with modern, 'scope-sighted rifles, preferably in .30-'06 or .270 caliber, and equipped with shooting gunslings. That this campaign has borne fruit is evidenced by the fact some arms companies now are manufacturing, of all things, bolt-action shotguns. And will someone please explain to this writer, in simple words easily understood by a child, just what reasons, if any, there are for purchasing a bolt shotgun?

So let's start this month's stint with an examination of the bolt rifle and glass sight craze which has led thousands of readers to discard entirely practical deer rifles for bolt weapons and sighting equipment which heap additional handicaps on hunters al-

ready bucking six-to-one odds.

It would be foolish, of course, for anyone to deny the bolt rifle's unquestioned superiority on the target range, or for big game hunting in open or mountainous country. In such territory the bolt rifle is tops, for the following quite obvious reasons:

(1) It's frequently possible to spot game a mile or more away, make a quiet stalk, climb into a gunsling, assume a target range shooting position and touch off a hard-held shot at a motionless or slowly moving animal.

(2) The skilled shot can make the most of the bolt gun's gilt-edge accuracy, flat trajectory and powerful punch.

(3) Last but certainly not least, the hunter isn't required to tote his heavy weapon all day; most of the time it's carried in a saddle boot and only removed before the final stalk is made.

Obviously, a shooting gunsling is a big help in this kind of going because it not only frees the hunter's hands for climbing while maneuvering into position for a shot, but also permits hard, close holding as the shot is fired.

It would be equally silly not to recognize the advantage of a good hunting 'scope in this same country, particularly on a dark day when it's difficult to determine whether you're aiming at the front or rear end of a motionless buck, or something that looks like a buck, but ain't—or in the uncertain light of dawn or dusk, when deer usually are on the move.

These bolt gun and glass sight cranks get off the beam because of their seeming inability to understand that what might be sauce for

the Wyoming or Montana hunter is likely to be applesauce for the lad who prowls Maine's hardwood ridges, New York's Adirondacks and Pennsylvania's deer woods. For the bulk of this nation's deer and bear isn't shot in the open, mountainous country in the West, but in the wooded, heavily brushed country in the north central section, east and northeast. In these areas the average shot is 50 yards or under; the target is almost always moving right along—if not running like blazes. Under such circumstances your latter-day Daniel Boone has no time to fiddle around. He tries to crack down on his elusive, wildly bounding target—which, incidentally, usually is partly screened by trees, brush or both—and starts throwing lead with the fond hope one shot will connect somewhere. Anywhere.

Where does the heavy, clumsy, slow-handling bolt rifle and 'scope fit in this picture? Well, brother, despite the hokey you read in the sporting gazettes, it just doesn't fit at all. In the first place, nobody but a slightly addled character is going to lug a nine-pound rifle around all day when a six and one-half to seven pounder will do a better job in the clutch. Secondly, the bolt gun's two great virtues, accuracy and range, are wasted. Obviously, you don't need a 600-yard weapon when your average shot is under 50, and your longest 75. And you don't need tack-driving match-rifle accuracy because a buck exposes 24 inches of vital spine, shoulder and chest. So if your rifle will put five successive shots in a nine-inch tin pie pan at 50 yards—and so far we've never seen a deer rifle that wouldn't do that—you have

all the accuracy needed to bring home meat.


Furthermore, gents who think the 'scope sight is an asset in such going either are mildly nuts or haven't been around much. It's difficult enough to keep both peepers on a running deer over or through iron sights without complicating the aiming problem by closing one eye and trying to pick up an elusive target with the other through a metal tube. We merely point to the fact you can get a better view with both eyes through a hotel room transom than through a keyhole with one.

Hunters who think they need a glass sight for deer hunting in most of this country actually don't need a telescopic sight, but the services of a competent eye doctor. Or maybe a psychiatrist.

We remarked just previously that the bolt rifle is slow-handling and clumsy. It is just that. It's true a small percentage of target shots develop a certain dexterity with the weapon, but how many deer hunters in this country do any serious .30-'06 shooting between hunting seasons on a range? The average high-power-rifle owner doesn't fire one box of cartridges in a year, if that. Needless to say no particular marksmanship or gun-handling dexterity is developed under such circumstances. And need it be added that target range conditions hardly approximate those encountered in the field?

In this writer's opinion the ideal, all-around deer rifle is yet to be manufactured, although it must be admitted the arms companies are putting out some sleek, practical weapons right now and have been for years. Next time you get a chance,

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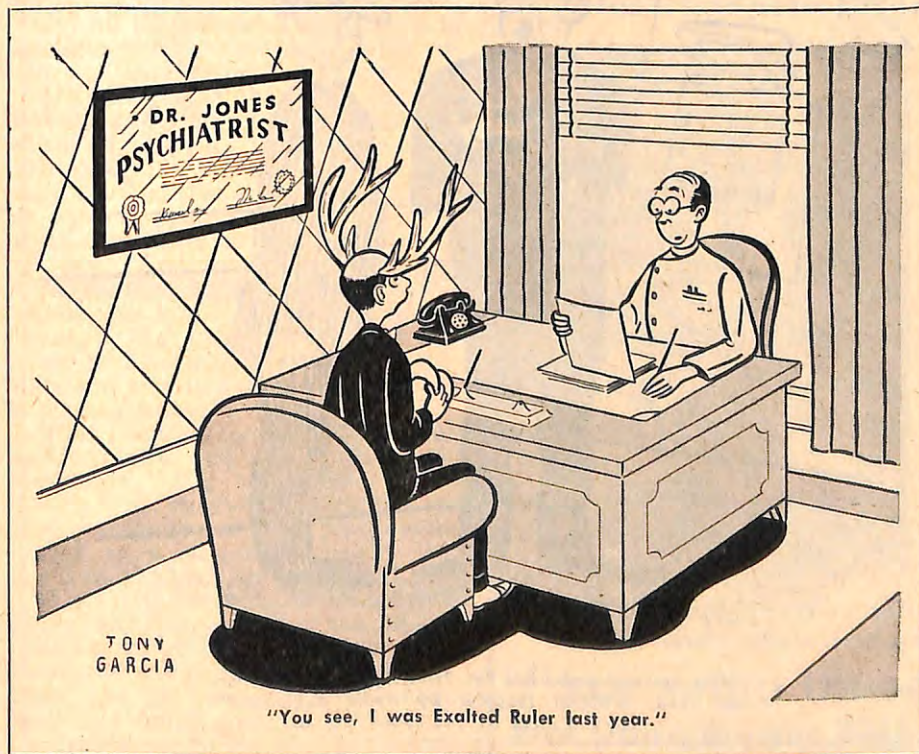


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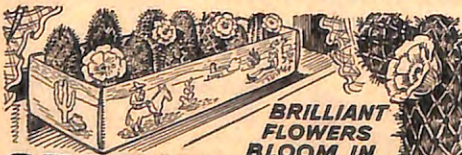
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cuddle one of those Model 14 Remingtons against the side of your puss and squint down that barrel. The rifle points itself, the safety is where it ought to be, the action is lightning fast and to the hunter who favors a pump shotgun this deer gun is just about perfect.

If you're a lever-action fan, take a gander at the new Winchester Model 64, or Savage's 99s. There are no flies on those weapons either, and both companies have long since ironed out all the bugs. Some of these rifles are equipped with shooting gunslings and quick-detachable swivels, and it's your agent's suggestion that these gunslings be detached in camp before starting on a hunt, and not replaced in the evening until the woodpile is reached. The reason, of course, is that you'll be tempted to sling that rifle over your shoulder when it should be in your hands, ready for action. And there isn't one chance in 100 that you'll have any opportunity to use the sling for a "long shot". When that all too seldom chance is presented, it's simpler to rest the rifle over a stump, or against the side of a tree.

Your correspondent has fozzled several nice opportunities because of

carelessness along this same line, but one was a standout and worth relating.

Several seasons ago in Maine a warden pal and his three long-winded and nimble-legged nephews elected to beat over a couple of brushy mountains in quest of four big bucks which were known to reside thereon. With those eager beavers prowling the landscape, your hero figured he'd be a sucker not to perch on a high vantage point somewhere, take it easy and let more youthful gams do the heavy legwork. With a lot of humanity beating through good deer country, it's a pretty safe bet that sometime during the day a buck will be spooked out in view of a careful watcher, particularly if the watcher has picked himself a lookout which commands a mountainside. Well, we knew of one such place and headed for it with a 'scope-sighted .30-'06. That was mistake No. 1.

Mistakes 2 and 3 came later in the day. Our strategy was excellent but on this occasion it didn't pay off. We perched on that rock for hours and didn't see anything but a couple of squirrels, a migrating flock of geese and a partridge. The boys jumped deer all right, but the whitetails



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didn't come our way, and eventually we called it a day and headed for camp down a fire trail. The boys and the warden took off for camp via another road.

About halfway to camp, with the rifle swinging comfortably from our right shoulder, our pleasant reveries were interrupted by an explosive whoosh! whoosh! and out plunked a big buck in the middle of the road.

Now, there's never anything particularly wrong with your agent's mental reactions, although there are

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some who will give you an argument on that score. But it does take a split second to recover from that omigosh-there's-a-deer shock. And it also takes another brief interval to claw a suspended rifle from your shoulder, shove off the safety as the weapon is brought up for the shot, catch an aim and ease off on the trigger.

Mistake No. 2 that day was not having the rifle in our hands, instead of carrying it the easy way. Mistake No. 3 was not remembering we'd covered the 'scope with a leather hood to protect the glass from a light drizzle which had been falling all day. And weren't we surprised when we discovered that boner! We closed our left eye, tried to squint through the glass sight with the other and for a moment couldn't understand why in heck we couldn't see a blamed thing.

That buck, of course, didn't linger around while we got ourself unscrambled. Big bucks seldom do. That's why they're big. When we finally got organized that road was as empty as a jitterbug's head. Big Joe had vanished in one bound.

If we'd taken our .35 Remington pump that day, instead of the .30-'06, that big fellow might not have decorated the camp meat rack that evening, but he certainly would have been in a tough spot. A big deer is



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hard to miss at 25 yards, assuming you're not day dreaming when the chance bobs up, and not carrying a weapon ill adapted to fast handling.

Fortunately, a lot of deer hunters who fell for the bolt gun and glass sight nonsense have discovered from bitter experience with that combination that their sneered-at old Model 94 30-30 carbines are, after all, darned handy weapons in the deer woods. They're fool-proof, reliable, accurate enough for all practical hunting purposes in the woods and brush, and pack all the power needed

to flatten a buck. The same can be said for the Savage and Remington product in popular deer calibers, levers, pumps and autoloaders.

There might not be anything to the rumor, but lately we've heard that Winchester is working on a sporting version of that popular M-1 military carbine, the GI's particular pet. If such a weapon is produced with a slightly longer barrel, better sights, a bit more weight, a more potent cartridge and something other than a Boy Scout stock, this prospective weapon might well be the answer

to a deer hunter's prayers. And certainly there would be plenty of customers for same—several million, to hazard a guess.

Anyway, if this rumored gun is produced in a sporting version, and we have a hunch it will be, you'll not be making any mistake if you buy it. And that's something that can't be said for many of those who bought bolt rifles, to discover later that they'd been peddled a bill of goods. A bolt rifle has its place in the American hunting scene, but it isn't the average deer hunter's baby.

Mind Over Mind

(Continued from page 16)

Charles was a pilot and a flight leader. He had never been wounded in battle, but his condition dated from the time when a friend, flying on his wing, crashed in flames.

Will rest, good food and relaxation help this casualty? Possibly, but the chances are slim. How about psychoanalysis? Not too satisfactory, due to the loss of memory. Besides, in these cases it is tedious and time-wasting, even if eventually successful.

How are we going to help Charles Adams? Is he to remain what World War I doctors classed as a hopeless shell-shock case?

The key, the golden key to the cure of his locked mind is hypnotism and its cousins, hypno-analysis and narco-synthesis. It involves a branch of medicine which is comparatively new called "Psycho-Somatic Medicine", psycho for mind and somatic for body. It involves concepts which are revolutionary and startling in their curative force. At the same time it utilizes a principle which has been known for over two thousand years.

HYPNOTISM is not new. The Egyptians, Abyssinians and Greeks all knew and wrote about its power. Dr. James Esdaille performed a major surgical operation under hypnotic anesthesia on April 4, 1845, and was so impressed with it that he used it for more than 300 succeeding operations. Mark the date again—April 4, 1845. This is 1945, one hundred years later, and in spite of the teachings of progressive psychologists, nine out of ten people still think of hypnotism as a malevolent force. They still visualize the hypnotic operator as a voodooist or cultist, stalking through the streets in search of some lost soul with weak enough will power to succumb to his magnetic passes and hypnotic power. They are not aware of hypnotism as a cure, but remember only how Sven-gali forced a hypnotized Trilby to comply with his nefarious wishes.

This widespread misconception is further strengthened by the vaude-

villian who uses hypnotism for tawdry, mercenary purposes. The hypnotism act has been witnessed by audiences the world over, to the great detriment of this amazing force. The medical profession would have utilized hypnotism long ago had not its stage exploitation made it synonymous with black magic. These exhibitions were highlighted by the showmanship of the hypnotist. With fantastic passes and gestures with eyes that held an unholy transfixed gleam, the hypnotist created an aura of mysticism and diabolic power. This was all fraudulent and mythical. It was not based on science, but was derived from Du Maurier's fiction about "Trilby".

TODAY the physician is taught to hypnotize without the use of shiny objects, magic passes or references to animal magnetism. To prove this, hypnosis can be produced, without the doctor being present, through the use of special phonograph recordings, or with the doctor speaking over the telephone. When the proper suggestions have been given to pre-arrange for its acceptance, hypnosis can be induced by a letter or telegram. People have been hypnotized over the radio.

What then is the modern conception of the true nature of hypnotism? Investigations are now going on at the Menninger Clinic, the Universities of Chicago, Colgate, California, Johns Hopkins, and many other progressive institutions. They are being supported by the Macy, Rockefeller, New York, Hofheimer, and National Research Council Foundations, indicating authoritative approval.

All investigators are agreed that hypnotism is a state of unusual suggestibility or receptivity where the subject is in "rapport" or close mental contact with the operator. The precise mechanism is still unknown but it is believed related to what doctors know about the subconscious mind and habit formation. Hypnotism is not absolute sleep although somnambulism, its deepest state, has

been described as a "waking sleep".

Another important hypnotic phenomenon is post-hypnotic suggestion, in which, by appropriate suggestion, a subject will carry out in his waking state those things which have been suggested to him under hypnosis. Furthermore, under hypnosis, we can observe "age regression", or the ability of the hypnotic subject to recall events which his conscious mind has completely forgotten, events which extend as far back as childhood.

Let us return to our discussion of the uses of hypnotism by the Army. It is possible that under hypnosis regiments can outmarch any famous forced march in military history, and yet experience no fatigue. They could be conditioned to go without food for long periods of time and not feel their hunger. George H. Estabrook believes that whole armies could be immunized against fear and mass-hypnotized to purge their minds of the nerve-shattering shock caused by artillery and aerial bombardment. Finally, soldiers suffering war neurosis can be rehabilitated through hypnotism; it can restore lost memories and relieve anxiety-depressions, as in the case of Charles Adams.

A RECENT Army report made by Colonel Roy R. Grinker in the September, 1944, issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* describes how the Charlie Adamses of this war are being returned to normalcy. Colonel Grinker used the modification of hypnosis that has already been mentioned, narco-synthesis, utilizing the drug sodium pentothal to induce the state of walking sleep.

The case concerns a young captain of the Air Corps, sent to a convalescent hospital because of marked symptoms of depression, for which no apparent reason could be found. The patient was a flight leader who had completed his tour of duty, and after refusing to accept a promotion and stay in the theater of war, was returned to America and given a job he liked and wanted to keep. His

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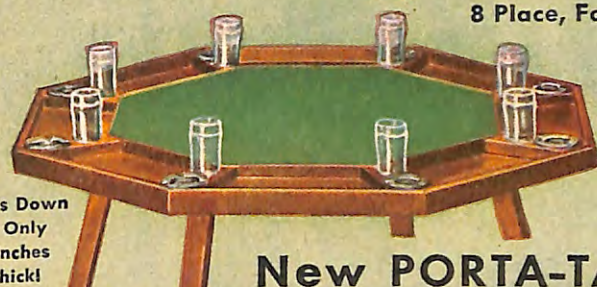
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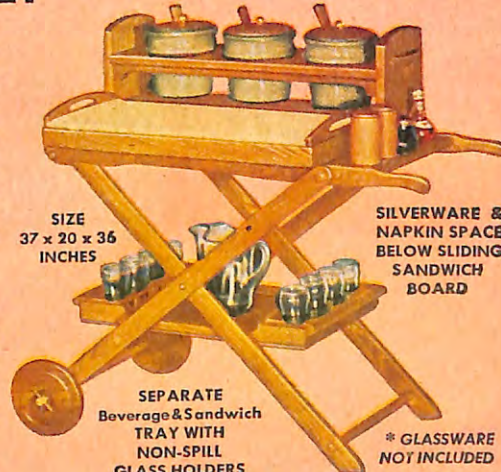
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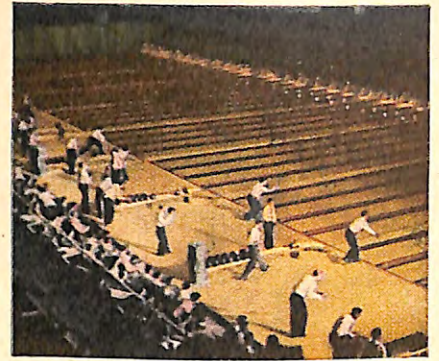
Bowling...fun for 16 million



1870 THOSE WHO enjoy bowling today have years of precedent behind them. "Bowling at ninepins" was brought to this country by early Dutch settlers. By 1870, 12 years after the name Corby's Whiskey was introduced in Canada, indoor bowling was popular in the East.



1901 BOWLING was rapidly becoming an organized recreation with uniform rules throughout the U. S. The first national tournament was held in Chicago. Rules called for 10 pins; 464 entries competed for \$1,592 prize money in this, Corby's 43rd year of Canadian fame.



1942 NEARLY 80,000 entries competed for \$250,000 in prize money in the last national tournament held before war eliminated bowling congresses. Local competition attracted more bowlers than ever before, as the name Corby's reached its 84th year of great Canadian tradition.



1945 THE NEW bowling season is around the corner. It's time to enjoy the favorite fall and winter recreation of 16 million Americans. It's a good time, too, to watch for Corby's Whiskey in your bar or store. Corby's is now being distributed regularly. Brought to the U.S.A. from Canada four years ago, the name Corby's is a sure guide to a light, sociable blended whiskey that is just right in your favorite drink.



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depression continued however, and he had "severe startle reactions". Col. Grinker said, "Whenever anyone entered his room and made a sudden noise or turned on the light he would jump out of bed with great anxiety." However, he maintained fairly good control of himself and continued to fly. He attempted to decrease the anxiety and stated that he tried hard to forget his battle experience, but found it impossible.

In an attempt to get to the root of his neurosis, the patient was given an intravenous injection of sodium pentothal. He was told that he was now flying a strafing mission and the man on his wing was aflame. Then Col. Grinker commanded, "Go ahead and talk."

Immediately the patient showed an emotional reaction, shouting, "Pull up and bail out! Why doesn't he bail out? Why doesn't he pull out? I hope he doesn't think it's my fault. I hope I'm not responsible for his death." The doctor reported this monologue was accompanied with sobbing, tears and repetitions of the phrase, "I hope he doesn't think it's my fault."

Significant references were made to the patient's responsibility as squadron leader, to the dead flier's lack of skill and to insubordination. The flier went on, "He wasn't a good flier. Oh, if only I had picked out another spot, a safer target, but that's where they told me to go, right over those trucks. If I had gone in some other place, he wouldn't have got it. Why did he do it? He should have stayed in formation. He came up and took the lead with me."

When the patient awakened he and the doctor went over the information brought out during the trance. The doctor ended the session by telling the patient he had "assumed a responsibility for the death of his comrade that did not seem to be based on fact". The next day the flier appeared cheerful and relieved. He stated, "I feel like a load has been lifted from my mind", and after a pause said, "I guess I blamed myself unnecessarily."

ALTHOUGH the Army may find hypnotism an invaluable aid, its greatest usefulness obviously lies in therapeutic medicine. A large variety of disorders which doctors were previously incapable of alleviating lend themselves easily to hypnotic treatment. It has been responsible for curing alcoholics, overcoming insomnia, stopping migraine headaches, relieving painful menstruation, mitigating spastic bowel conditions, releasing self-consciousness and unburdening worried minds. Allergy, likewise lends itself to hypnotic treatment, as in an interesting case reported by Dr. Milton Erickson of Wayne University.

Of greater importance is the fact that under hypnosis, painless childbirth is possible. *The British Med-*

ical Journal of September 16, 1944, in an editorial lauded the work of Kroger and De Lee in twelve cases of labor, carried out while the patient was hypnotically analgesic (pain-free).

The case of Mrs. K. C. is typical. When first seen she was six and one-half months pregnant, and absolutely normal, generally and obstetrically. She was first hypnotized on November 2, 1942. Post-hypnotic suggestions were given to the effect that she would have no dread or anticipation for her confinement, that her labor would be entirely painless and that she would have a complete loss of memory for the entire experience. She was hypnotized six times before the onset of labor which began at 4:30 a.m. on Feb. 8, 1943. She entered the hospital at 9:30 a.m., at which time she felt pains ten minutes apart, of moderate intensity and regularity. She was placed in a deep hypnotic state at 10:00 a.m., and thereafter was deaf to the voice of her husband as well as the personnel on duty. She showed no awareness of pain at any time after hypnosis was induced. Examination produced no discomfort. She was oblivious of her surroundings and talked only to the doctor who hypnotized her. At 4:30 p.m. she was taken to the delivery room. The baby was delivered with instruments and stitches were placed without the aid of an anesthetic. Throughout, the patient showed no signs of pain or distress, but was completely relaxed and talked freely with the hypnotist. When awakened she was visibly surprised at her surroundings, exclaiming, "Where am I? How did I get in here? Don't tell me I have had my baby! Where have I been since this morning?"

The entire labor and delivery was witnessed by the hospital staff. When interrogated as to her subjective experience she stated that her mind was a complete blank, and when asked to write her experience down, she handed back a blank piece of paper. She had no knowledge that the stitches were present until the sixth day. On the following day, hypnosis was produced over the telephone, the internes then removed the stitches and awakened her. She felt no pain during this experience. The mental attitude of the patient toward the entire procedure according to her own declaration was "most pleasurable". She could not comprehend why more women didn't have babies in this way.

Each year in the United States, thousands of babies die in childbirth because of the use of powerful drugs to dull the pain of delivery. Many others live, but with their tiny brains damaged because of these drugs. The late Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, one of the world's outstanding obstetricians said, "The only anesthetic that is without danger is hypnosis. Psychiatrists claim no person ever died

under pure hypnosis. . . Others tried post-hypnotic suggestion, which means putting the patient in a trance and suggesting painless labor at a later time. I have used suggestion a great deal, indeed almost constantly, and I am irked when I see my colleagues neglect to avail themselves of this harmless and potent remedy."

In the case of alcoholics, where excessive drinking is merely a symptom of an underlying ailment or disturbance, the discovery of the cause is up to the physician. Psycho-analysis under hypnosis speeds up the finding of this disturbing influence.

Stammerers and stutterers speak naturally when hypnotized. Through the use of psychoanalytical treatment in conjunction with hypnosis, many have been cured of this defect of speech. In one case, for example, an adult stammerer was regressed to the age of nine, when it was divulged that his fourth grade teacher had given him a spanking. He was made to relive this experience, and following the "spanking" in the trance state it was pointed out to him that the affair should not now assume so great an importance in his life. He talked normally when he came out of the trance.

It has long been the belief of many psychologists that Hitler, as a master student of hypnosis, gained control over the Germans with a form of hypnotism. Through suggestion, education, propaganda and hysterical speeches in which certain of his statements were repeated over and over, he conditioned the people to the acceptance of his proposals. He created in them a willingness to obey his commands.

A careful study of Hitler's eyes and mannerisms, and of the tone of his voice, has disclosed the similarity to the characteristics of the professional hypnotist. It is also believed that the Nazi salute is a spontaneously induced form of catalepsy, the hypnotic state in which a subject is so well under the control of the hypnotist that muscular rigidity takes place.

WHETHER they were fully aware of it or not, leaders of all times have relied on its powers for "mass action" or mob psychology to encourage loyalty.

How susceptible some people are to suggestion is proved by subjects who are hypnotized and told they will feel no pain at the dentist. Moreover, they can be given a "cue" or post-hypnotic suggestion such as the taking off of their ring by the dentist, at which time they will immediately go into a trance. When the dentist finishes his drilling or extraction, he puts the ring back on the patient's finger and the patient awakens.

Often sports writers say of an athlete, "He looks like an All-American—he's a natural—he's a born champ." They mean the athlete

whose poise and confidence allows him to perform at top efficiency. Sometimes they say, "He could be a champ if he would just open up. He's got it, but something holds him back." Hypnosis can remove that "something" that holds athletes back, giving them the assurance and relaxation necessary for championship form.

The sports pages are the source of an illustrative story of inhibitions which might have kept an athlete from his natural right. A husky lad who disliked fighting repeatedly came home with black eyes and puffed lips administered to him by his young chums. He would not return the blows of the smallest of them; he was afraid.

Under hypnosis he was told that he could beat up anyone who molested him. He was also given boxing lessons. Within months the young man, Melio Bettina, was a major attraction on the nation's best boxing cards and was well on his way to challenging Joe Louis for the heavyweight title of the world when the war intervened.

It is said that a southern football team entered the championship playoff game under hypnosis and won the game.

A leading professional golfer played in the 1944 National Open Tournament at the Tam O'Shanter Country Club while under hypnosis. He didn't win the tournament, but was among those with the lowest scores and said he had never played such a relaxed game. No one except the doctor who hypnotized him knew he was in a trance. Afterward the golfer declared, "Golf is played by 'feel' and the only way to get feel is to relax, yet ninety per cent of all golfers tighten up over the ball. Fear, hostility and anger cause tenseness which neutralizes the sense of touch. Great athletes unconsciously utilize autosuggestion to relax and combat these elements during tournament tight-spots."

Hypnosis and post-hypnotic suggestions can reinforce autosuggestion to the point where tension is eliminated completely.

The same hypnotically suggested confidence is sought by film companies for some of their potential stars, many of whom suffer camera fright and forget lines and directions. Under a skillful hypnotist they acquire the aplomb of an old-school diplomat and save their studios the small fortunes that have been invested in their training. Opera aspirants whose vocal cords previously became constricted before an audience, have been started on their way to stardom after hypnotic treatment. Radio actors have not only lost "mike" fright, but also have heightened their ability to read lines dramatically.

APPPLICATIONS of hypnotism are just as valuable in other fields of human endeavor. It can be applied toward business success directly, by discovering and correcting personal defects and indirectly by learning to use it in methods of business. Advertising executives will admit, for instance, that repeated slogans and color combinations in advertisements and certain commercial announcements, are designed to act as post-hypnotic suggestions. They feel they are hypnotizing people every day.

Yet with all these known potentialities, many people are afraid of hypnotism.

Remember these simple facts about hypnosis:

You are not hypnotized against your will. Absolute cooperation of the patient is essential to induce hypnotism. Doubt or lack of confidence in the operator will make hypnosis impossible.

A hypnotic state is not permanent. You can be reassured that if you are not brought out of the hypnotic state, you will awaken by yourself, usually in a very short time.

A hypnotized person will neither say nor do anything he would consider immoral or tactless in his waking state. He will do nothing after post-hypnotic suggestion that conflicts with his moral principles.

There is no mental strain during the hypnotic state and no harmful effects from it afterwards, either

physically, morally or socially.

Thousands of students every year volunteer to be hypnotized in the psychological laboratories of the universities throughout the country. They are good subjects, which bears out the contentions of many authorities that the more intelligent a person is the easier it is to hypnotize him. Regarding the mental calibre of subjects, C. L. Tuckey in his book, "Treatment by Hypnotism and Suggestion", says, "There is fallacy in the contention that it is applicable to fools and weaklings." Furthermore, the university students who have had some experience with hypnosis are graduating with a healthy respect for its many uses.

Once well on its way to being an adjunct to surgery, hypnosis lost favor when ether and chloroform were discovered. But like these anesthetics, hypnosis will advance medical practice by its use in psychosomatic medicine.

Janet, the great French psychologist, said many years ago, "If my book is not read today, it will be read tomorrow when there will be a new turn to fashion's wheel. Hypnotism will return just as surely as our grandmother's hat will again become the vogue."

Dr. Victor H. Vogel of the U. S. Public Health Service, who has experimented with hypnosis asserted, "The usefulness of hypnotism will increase as the skepticism of its true nature diminishes."

Scientists, professors, practicing physicians, and college graduates are all aware of its unlimited practical possibilities. Only public ignorance of the true nature of hypnotism prevents its full employment as a golden key to the mental treasury.

**(Acknowledgment: This article was inspired by the work of William S. Kroger, M.D., Chicago, Ill., from whose files the material and cases have been taken. Dr. Kroger is a member of the medical faculty of the University of Illinois and the author of scientific treatises on hypnosis in medicine based upon fifteen years of research and clinical practice.)*

Our Hard-drinking Ancestors

(Continued from page 15)

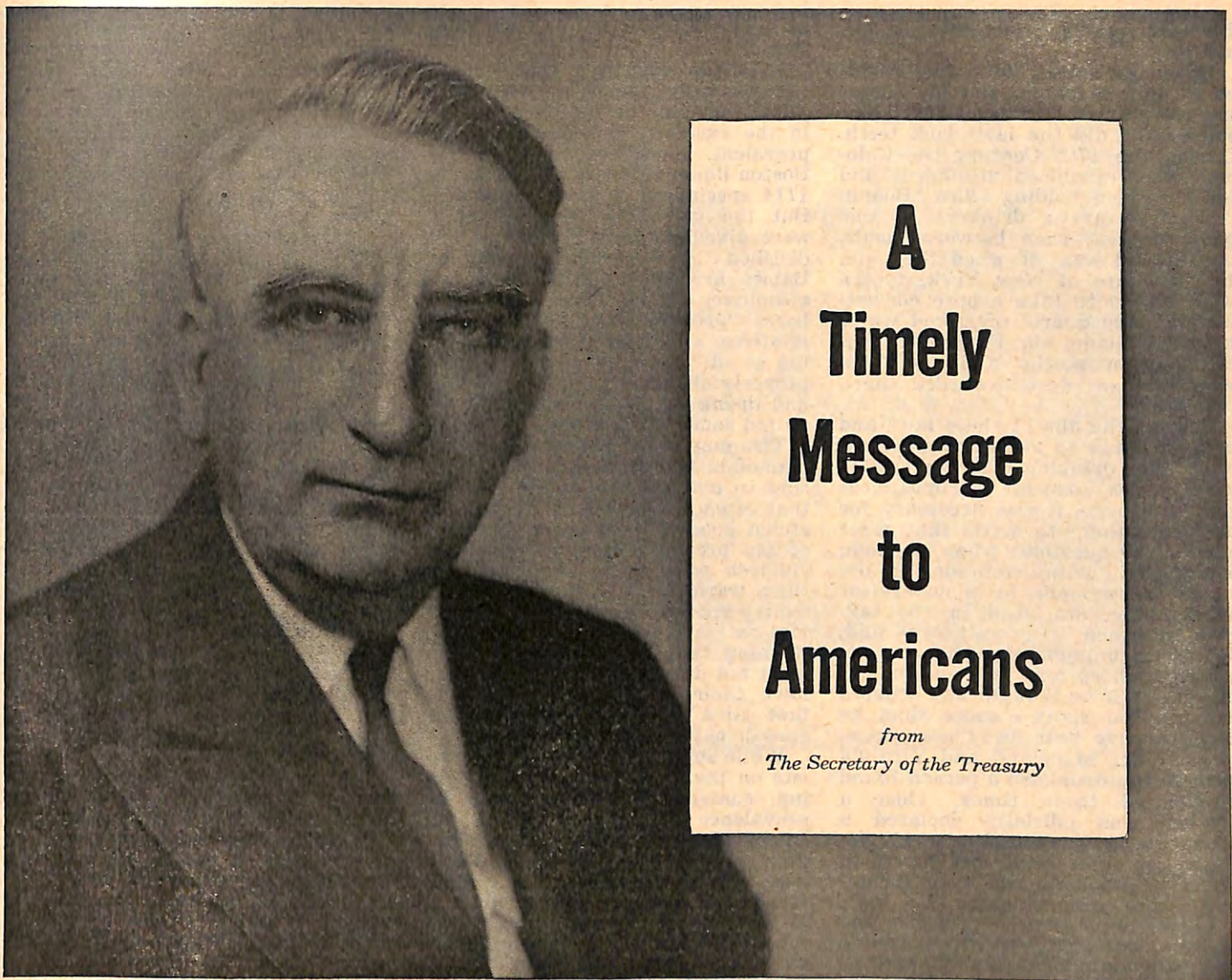
array of their varied drinking utensils would. Tankards, beer-bowls, beakers, flagons, wine cans, posset-cups, mugs, punch bowls, tumblers, dram bottles and flasks in silver, pewter, glass, leather and stone were handed down in such numbers that today they are the standby of many a museum and the pride and joy of the antique business.

Before long, liquor became plentiful and cheap. So low was the price of rum in Boston in 1686 that, Increase Mather affirmed, the poor and wicked could make themselves drunk

for a penny. Bourbon County, Kentucky, perpetuated its name by the accidental discovery in 1789 that sour mash whiskey could be marvelously mellowed in charred kegs. By 1819 Kentucky was shipping 200,000 gallons of Bourbon and other whiskey per month down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence up the Atlantic coast to the East's lively market. Plenty remained to supply the advancing frontier and enable thirsty scouts and trappers to get drunk as owls and, still steady, to shoot tin cups brimful of whiskey

off each other's heads. Lusty lumberjacks added red pepper to make the stuff really cut when it went down, or nailed a plug of tobacco in the bottom of a keg before refilling to achieve the same result.

Revealing are the accounts of a Massachusetts town of 300 which show that in the year 1802 it spent \$7,370 on schools, roads and ministers, and \$15,560 on rum, brandy and gin. The price of rum was then 61 cents per gallon. Georgia, with a population of 400,000, including slaves, by 1825 was consuming



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

Abroad we have overcome enemies whose strength not long ago sent a shudder of fear throughout the world.

At home we have checked an enemy that would have impaired our economy and our American way of life. That enemy was inflation—runaway prices.

The credit for this achievement, like the credit for military victory, belongs to the people.

You—the individual American citizen—have kept our economy strong in the face of the greatest inflationary threat this nation ever faced.

You did it by simple, everyday acts of good citizenship.

You put, on the average, nearly one-fourth of your income into War Bonds and other savings. The 85,000,000 owners of War Bonds not only helped pay the costs of war, but also contributed

greatly to a stable, prosperous postwar nation.

You, the individual American citizen, also helped by cooperation with rationing, price and wage controls, by exercising restraint in your buying and by accepting high wartime taxes.

All those things relieved the pressure on prices.

THE TASK AHEAD

We now set our faces toward this future: a prosperous, stable postwar America—an America with jobs and an opportunity for all.

To achieve this we must steer a firm course between an inflationary price rise such as followed World War I and a deflation that might mean prolonged unemployment. Prices rose more sharply after the last war than they did during the conflict and paved the way for the depression that followed—a depression

which meant unemployment, business failures and farm foreclosures for many.

Today you can help steer our course toward a prosperous America:

—by buying all the Victory Bonds you can afford *and by holding on to the War Bonds you now have*

—by cooperating with such price, rationing and other controls as may be necessary for a while longer

—by continuing to exercise patience and good sense with high faith in our future.

The challenge to America of switching from war to peace with a minimum of clashing gears is a big one.

But it is a small one compared to the tasks this nation has accomplished since Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Frank B. Rowan
Secretary of the Treasury

2,000,000 gallons of whiskey annually.

From the outset, laws were enacted to limit drinking, and the licensing system was used to restrict liquor sales. Nor did the laws lack teeth. During the 17th Century the Colonies disenfranchised drunkards and forbade them holding office. Boston restricted tavern drinkers to one quart of beer each between meals, but the lid was off when they ate. In the State of New York, toppers were forced to take a cure consisting of three quarts of salted water laced with lamp oil. Floggings, confinement in stocks and terms in work gangs were awarded hard drinkers.

Always the aim of these laws and penalties was to suppress drunkenness, not drinking. To determine when laws against drunkenness should operate, it was necessary for our forefathers to settle that moot and thorny question: when is a man drunk? In Puritan communities, decisions were made by a supervisor of drinking, stationed in the taverns. Clothed with authority and, doubtless, unpopularity, he was required to keep an eagle eye on imbibers and if he thought any ordered a drink too many—"more than he could soberly bear away"—to countermand it. Maryland and Virginia defined as a drunkard a person found intoxicated three times. Once a drinker was officially declared a drunkard, he was simultaneously declared dry. His name was posted in taverns, and landlords were forbidden to serve him drinks.

Liquor supported the taverns, and taverns were essential to travelers and as community centers. There all the countryside gathered for company, warmth and entertainment. Huge back-logs flamed in the great open fireplace, and in the red embers glowed loggerheads, ready to mull ale or wine. This was the town hall, the court house, the news exchange. Here were held dances, exhibitions of freaks or wax-works, lotteries to raise money for churches or schools. During them all the tap-room did a rushing business. Landlords prudently installed portcullis grates to lower in front of bars when the press of drinkers became too riotous—and doubtless often wished they could have added a drawbridge to be raised in emergencies.

Our forebears' method for keeping the doctor away was not an apple a day but a large tankard of hard cider before breakfast. When they did call a doctor, he was likely to prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, and it was etiquette for the patient's family to offer him a dose of his own medicine. Liquor was a favorite prescription, whether the ill were aged, infants or in between, and their ailment colic, vapors, chilblains or snake-bite. Unfortunates about to undergo an amputation or other surgery naturally preferred a jug of whiskey

to a blow on the head as an anesthetic.

It is not surprising that women, though more temperate as usual, joined men in the steady and even in the excessive drinking that was prevalent. Seventeen out of the 41 Boston liquor retailers in business in 1714 specialized in sales to women. But the extent to which children were given not only fermented but distilled liquors was appalling. Babies arrived in an alcoholic atmosphere. While they were being born, "groaning beer" was served relatives and friends gathered for the event. No child was considered properly christened until all present had drunk to his happiness and acquired some in the process.

The mayor of Philadelphia complained in 1821 that liquor was being sold to children five years old, and that often a drink was their pay for stolen goods. From the great mugs of flip prepared nightly for adults, children were given a sip to keep them warm while getting to bed in wintry rooms. An old almanac's advice on rearing a family stresses the warning that "very young children must not drink cold drinks but must have their beer heated, and must first eat a piece of brown bread before drinking beer or wine".

While some reformers were alarmists on the extent of juvenile drinking, contemporary evidence on its prevalence is strong. The Reverend Lyman Beecher insisted that children should early be taught the dangers of intemperance. He emphasized that he never gave a child "a pittance of money to be expended for his gratification, unless attended by the earnest injunction not to drink ardent spirits, or any inebriating liquor". Matters had indeed reached a pretty pass when a preacher giving a moppet a few pennies deemed it necessary to add a caution not to blow them in at a bar.

Funeral festivities—and that is the word for them—called for the consumption of whole pipes of Madeira, barrels of beer, and every other variety of liquor. Rum and funeral wines were declared to be as necessary to the occasion as the corpse. Provident New Yorkers began as young men to set aside money for the cost of their funeral and to lay down stocks of good wine for the same inevitable event. Liquor could hardly have been handier than at New Hampshire funerals where a decanter and glasses were placed on the head of the coffin.

Bumpers were filled not only at the demise of the wealthy. In recognition of the democracy of death, towns furnished drinks to be served at the funeral of paupers. The 1728 accounts of Salem, Mass., record a gallon of wine and another of cider so supplied and charged as incidentals.

There was no occasion, formal or informal, where one drink led to an-

other like the ancient courtesy of drinking healths. Our forefathers found that at a large party where many toasts were proposed—twenty per banquet was considered a moderate number—one was either rude and refused or polite and potted. To refuse a toast was difficult and done only by such resolute men as General Marion, a hero of the Revolution and a total abstainer. When his host locked dining room doors and avowed none would be allowed to leave without drinking a toast bottoms up, Marion leaped from a second-story window, spraining his ankle.

Musters and training days for the militia were likely to end as drinking bouts. Officers were expected to "wet" their commissions by generously treating their men. Our Revolutionary Army, whose rum ration was half a pint a day per man or its equivalent in pay, demanded the liquor and griped when there was none. Bitter complaints at Valley Forge rose to this climax: "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum." The production of poor whiskey as a substitute for rum increased so greatly during the war that the authorities had to order grain saved for flour. In householders' claims on the government for war losses, liquor usually loomed larger than furniture or clothing.

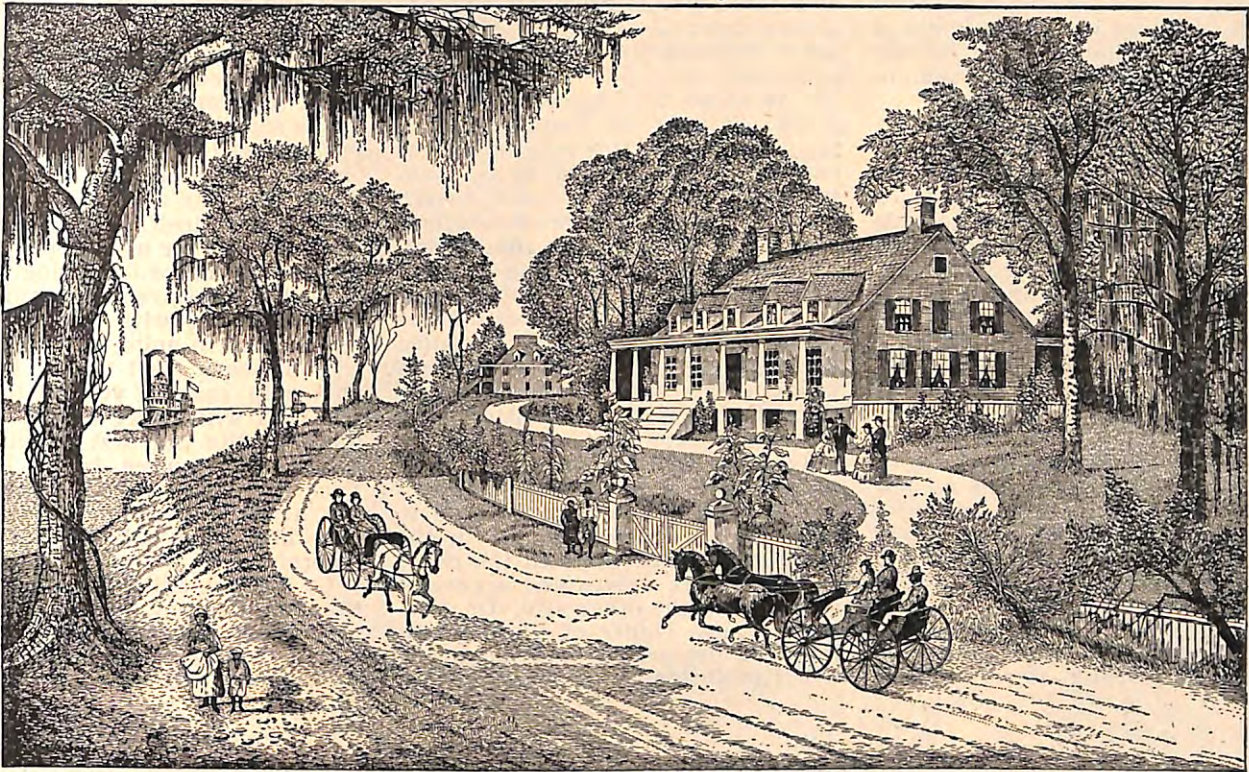
Libations were poured on every business transaction from the signing of a contract to the sale of a farm. No grocer could prosper unless he kept a barrel on tap and treated his guests when they paid their bills. The term, dry goods, originated to differentiate that merchandise from the wet goods which general stores stocked far more heavily.

Wages included a daily allowance of rum, and few workmen would accept more money in lieu of the liquor. At harvest time, the meeting house bell rang twice a day to call hands in from the fields for the customary dram, simultaneously being hoisted by men, women and children throughout the land. A barrel of rum stood at the gate of the Medford, Massachusetts, shipyard; shipwrights paused for a dipperfull on their way to work and again for another on their way home.

Despite this heavy drinking, it has been authoritatively estimated that there was less drunkenness proportionately in America than in Great Britain. The American head was a strong one, and our ancestors carried their liquor handsomely. But how they stood such steady and copious imbibing may well arouse the wonder and amazement of their descendants.

One answer is that our forefathers usually ate heartily when they drank. In modern medical opinion, a high protein diet protects the liver against alcohol to some extent, and early Americans were great meat eaters. Deer were so abundant that

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America's Most Versatile Drink

SOUTHERN COMFORT
Manhattan

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Old Fashioned

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people wearied of venison. Wild turkeys, many of them heavyweights, were an easy shot in the forests. So numerous were wild pigeons, they could be captured in nets or knocked out of trees with poles. Bear, buffalo or beef barbecues were commonplace.

Another answer as to how they stood the pace of early American drinking is—many didn't. No reliable or complete mortality tables were kept but certain other records are indicative. Epidemics of illness in Virginia were attributed by Governor Berkley to "drinking raw, unrefined Cider Perry or Peach drink before it is ready, or else by the constant drinking of Uncorrected beer". Gout was as common in Virginia as in England. In the South in mid-17th Century, people began the day with a stiff drink to ward off fever, but doctors' bills were still so numerous and high that a law was passed requiring the medicos to testify under oath on the value of the remedies given to cure fever or whatever.

The not infrequent deaths in the harvest field, where large quantities of liquor were drunk, were ascribed

to extreme heat and fatigue. But when workmen at barn-raising fell from the framework and were killed or injured, people could not help but glance from the body to the rum barrel customarily broached on those occasions. Nor was the violence of life in those days tamed by strong drink. It was the background of many a duel. It was not water that engendered the enthusiasm of county fair free-for-alls and tavern brawls where heads were cracked, ears bitten off and eyes gouged out. Temperance advocates who declared that most Indian wars were caused by the liquor traffic were said to be going too far. But nobody disputed the figures from the poorhouses where a large and increasing proportion of the paupers admitted were listed as alcoholics.

The first American temperance society was founded in 1808. Gradually the flood tide of liquor began to ebb. More ministers joined in the crusade. Women deserted the ranks of drinkers in droves and organized mightily on the other side. Dr. Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration of Independence and surgeon in the Revolutionary Army, attacked

the common beliefs that ardent spirits relieved fatigue, sustained hard labor, protected against heat and cold and were a panacea for all ills. His and other medical evidence on the effects of alcoholic excesses was tellingly used in sermons and lectures. Hardened drinkers shuddered at the sight of vividly-colored charts purporting to represent their alcohol-ravaged interiors.

The startling statement was made that "water itself, if used with caution, will answer all the purposes of common drink for labouring people". In New Hampshire a man announced a barn-raising with lemonade only served, and in spite of many doubts the barn went up. A Philadelphia ship made a voyage to China and back with never a drop of grog touched; the constant drink of the sailors was spruce beer. In New York a gentleman of the old school was heard to complain that temperance had taken all the fun out of funerals.

By the last, enlightened quarter of the 19th Century, kill-devil had become the Demon Rum, and the United States was a sadder, wiser and soberer nation.

My Brother Crawford

(Continued from page 13)

cry—! I'll kill him if it's the last thing I do!"

EARLY the next morning Crawford took his big game rifle and went off to hunt the bear. He didn't return until late afternoon, and let me tell you, that man must have had a hard day. He was so tired that all he could do was eat the three steaks and the skillet full of fried potatoes Matilda had fixed for him and tumble into bed. Anybody else would have been discouraged. But not my brother Crawford. He went the next day, and the next, and the next. When he came home that night it was easy to see that the pace was beginning to tell on him.

Instead of going right to bed after he'd eaten he just sat on a kitchen chair with his head in his hands. My heart went out to him, he looked so miserable and dejected. But when a man like my brother Crawford lets go of things, what are ordinary people to do? Finally he spoke.

"Matilda, I have failed you."

"Why, Crawford, how you talk!" Matilda said.

"Yes I have." Crawford's eyes were so bitter that I felt like crying myself. "This has been a very difficult year for me. One catastrophe after another—you have done the work I should have been doing. Now this comes. I try to make a nice gesture towards you and that bear

ruins it. The potato harvest must start the day after tomorrow. I will not have you digging those potatoes! If I cannot kill that bear tomorrow, I'm afraid we'll just have to sacrifice those three sheep!"

"Oh no, Crawford!" Matilda put her hand to her mouth as though he'd hit her. "We can't do that! I want my sheep!" She went to him and put her head on his lap. "Crawford, the potato harvest is such a little thing. Desmond and I can handle it and I don't mind. Truly!"

Crawford looked over her head, and it was easy to see that he was having a great inner struggle with himself. Finally, "Well," he said slowly, "if that's the way you want it—"

"That's the way we want it," Matilda said. "Don't we, Desmond?"

"Yes, Crawford," I said, "that's the way we want it."

"Well," Crawford sort of smiled, "I never could resist you two."

"May I go hunting with you tomorrow, Crawford?" I asked. "The potato digging doesn't start until the day after."

"I guess so," he said.

Crawford let me carry the gun again next morning and we went to the rim of Dead Horse Valley. I wish you could have seen that man in the woods. He crawled, and made me crawl, the last hundred feet. Then we came to a big bed of soft

moss and Crawford sort of hunched down in it.

"The bear's bound to come up this valley sooner or later," he whispered. "You watch, Desmond, and let me know when he comes."

"All right," I whispered back.

CRAWFORD went to sleep on the moss, and I watched the valley all day. No bears went up or down it, and I awakened Crawford towards evening to tell him so. We started back to the farm, and had just broken out of the woods when I saw Matilda jumping up and down. She had sighted us.

"Crawford! Crawford!" she yelled.

She ran up to and threw her arms around him. Then she kissed him about ten times.

"It's all over, Crawford!" she said. "You can harvest potatoes tomorrow! The bear came today, in broad daylight, while you were hunting it! I killed it with your squirrel gun! It's lying by the shed! Oh, Crawford, I know how happy you must be!"

I went over to look at the bear, and it was a monstrous big thing. But Crawford just stood there, like it was him, and not the bear, that had been shot. Then he began to shake all over and Matilda helped him into the house.

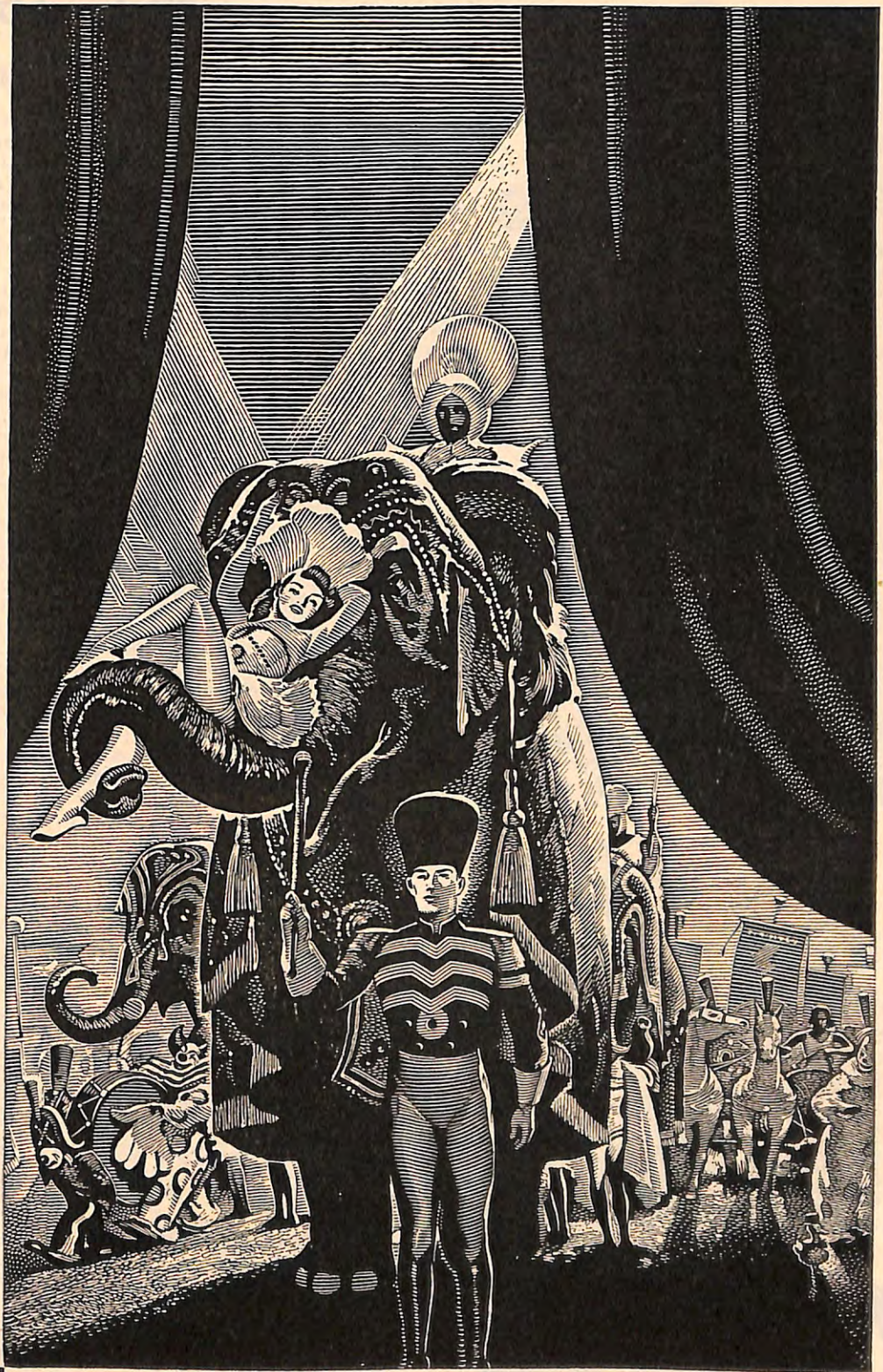
One of his old sicknesses had come back on him.

*You Have
to See It
to Believe It*

Imagine trying to describe the circus to someone who never has seen it. You tell him about the three rings jam-packed with action, the acrobats flying 'round the tent top, the gay antics of the clowns, the crowd's roar, the terrific tempo of the brass band, the big cat's angry snarls. But to him these are only words. He sees none of it, feels none of the astonishment aroused by the great feats which make the circus a magnificent, indescribable spectacle.

Even in more everyday matters, we see examples of how words fall short of actual experience. For example, Budweiser. Millions of words have been spoken in praise of its goodness, but only when you raise a golden, foaming glass of Budweiser to your lips do you experience the utterly distinctive taste and delightful bouquet that have made this the world's most popular beer.

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Elixirs of Death

(Continued from page 45)

financed by a member of one of America's most prominent families, who had had a close relative die of cancer. From the law enforcement standpoint, the inspectors were interested only in the discovery that at least one lot of Rex 152 was "loaded with tetanus toxims".

In offering the serum to the medical profession for experiment, the institution had allowed much of it to fall into the hands of quacks. Picking up a trail of patients who had paid as much as \$25 per injection, the inspectors uncovered twelve fatalities, but during the task they managed to put most of the vicious serum where it could do no further harm.

After several years in which the dangerous drug situation was kept pretty well in hand, the war has confronted the Food and Drug Administration with new problems and a much greater volume of work.

Shortage of highly-trained employes in manufacturing laboratories, it reports, has increased adulterations in number and seriousness. Shortage of physicians and increased buying power have caused people to try many proprietary remedies without any real knowledge of what their systems may require. War nerves and overwork are plainly a factor.

This lucrative market has not been overlooked by unscrupulous manufacturers, and cases of misbranding and extravagant curative claims have risen sharply. About one-third

of the preparations seized for these offenses are tonics or vitamin-mineral concoctions to promote vigor—or, as one circular expressed it, "to prevent wearing out".

Under the law, the contents of all medicines must be given plainly on the labels. The Government is not trying to stop self-medication, but to make sure that consumers know exactly what they are taking.

As to retail druggists, the Administration believes that 95 per cent of them are living up to their obligations. However, there has been an increase in over-the-counter sales of barbiturates for sedative purposes, of benzedrine to ward off fatigue, and of other drugs that should be taken only under a physician's supervision.

Meanwhile the law of chance continues to turn up its quota of potential killers in the drug field—war or no war.

The latest exhibit on the Chief Inspector's desk consists of two ampules, somewhat different in size but both quite small. One contains a hypodermic solution for human beings, the other is for use by veterinarians. The dosage for a horse or cow would snuff out a human life as surely as you snuff out a candle. Yet the label on the powerful ampule for animals says nothing about veterinary use. In fact, the two labels read exactly the same—but they won't from now on.



News of the Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 25)



BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, broke all entry records in its 16th annual Elks Golf Tournament held this year at the Plantation Golf Course, with 124 pill-pushers competing. Newt Carter won the match and in the field were Ed. D. Baird, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Past State Pres. Nick Ney, Sr., who by one stroke took the championship in the Past Exalted Rulers' Flight away from Neal Irving of Coeur d' Alene who had held it three years.

Prizes were awarded at the Boise Lodge home, where the refreshment committee, taking advantage of the loosening up on red points, outdid itself with a buffet luncheon.

OHIO STATE ELKS ASSN. The 47th annual Convention of the Ohio State Assn. at Cedar Point last August closed with the election to the Presidency of Petty Officer Leslie G. Scrimger of Columbus, known throughout the State as narrator for the radio program, "Your Navy". His associate officers will be 1st Vice-Pres. John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky; 2nd Vice-Pres. J. A. Kleinfelter, Bucyrus; 3rd Vice-Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart, Cleveland; Secy. E. Gene Fournace, Newark; Treas. William Petri, Cincinnati, and Trustees Dr. V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia, Chairman, John K. Maurer, Middletown, Approving Member, and W. D. Cole, Lakewood. William H. Hermann, Chillicothe, and James M. Lynch, Ashtabula, are the Past Exalted Rulers Association's President and Secretary respectively.

Memorial Services for the late Harry D. Hale of Newark, Secretary of the Association for many years, were held at the home of Sandusky Lodge No. 285 with Past State Pres. Charles W. Casselman of Alliance presiding.

The meeting was well attended and Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald of Canton, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, reported that the Association enjoyed a banner year. The lighter side of the Convention was a great success too, with a banquet, fish fry and entertainment keeping everybody happy.

IDAHO FALLS, IDA., Lodge, No. 1087, looks as though it might like to become a veterans organization—if the last class it initiated is any criterion. It included eight boys from the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Army Air Forces. Three of them—Lieut. Robert Fisher, Sgt. Robert Fanning and Lieut. Warren Foote—spent from ten to 21 months as Nazi prisoners when they had to abandon their planes in raids over Germany when that benighted land was still bristling with fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns. The other new Elks are Ensign Dick West, USN; Lieut. Hubert Shull and Lieut. Sterling Jensen, USAAF; Sgt. James McEntire, USA, and Sgt. Harry Dullaghan, USMC.

(Continued on page 64)

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IF YOU have been in the doghouse with me for the two issues past you'll remember that we discussed hunting dogs both times. We first talked about the various kinds of purps that are special-bred for making life miserable for game and later we went into the business of what to do if and when Fido himself gets hurt. In the first sermon I was brash enough to say that I'd tell just how dogs were trained for this kind of work—and now, look what happened! Some of the customers wrote in and the net of their letters is "Give". Faust, you always did talk too much, but seeing that this department's sole excuse in this Magazine is to serve the trade, you'd better come across.

Now I'm going to brief you on a very few of the items of help in training a dog that I mentioned in the first of this series and I'm going to ask that you be patient if you read them before. There may be a few who have not had that extreme pleasure and besides, those same items are very much a necessary part of what follows.

The first lesson on the books—and this goes for all dog training—is to learn to know your dog. Get thoroughly acquainted with him or her. Don't think that the patronizing kind of friendliness that so many owners accord their pets substitutes for a real insight to your dog's disposition and characteristics. That sort of relationship isn't the kind that will kid a smart dog into giving you his or her complete confidence, and confidence in you is the basis of all

training that you can give your dog. More than this, the amount of confidence and understanding that develops between dog and master usually determines how much and how well the dog learns and frequently how quickly he or she becomes efficient. Treat the shy pup or dog gently but don't baby it. Let it know that underneath your gentleness there is a will that must be obeyed. The dog that is at first inclined to be a bit timid may be helped by your playing with it a trifle roughly—but roughness tempered with a gentle consideration not to hurt the dog. Taking such a dog out where there are traffic noises may also help. If, however, you happen to have a dog that just won't shake off his or her fears then file that pooch away as a pet and get another dog because no shy dog ever makes a successful assistant in the hunting field. Some may make a bluff at it but they are too often a keen disappointment to their owners. Before you begin the training lessons it is good to take the dog out in the country with you—at first on a long rope and later, if you and the dog are well used to each other, you can turn the dog free. When outdoors this way, there is an excellent chance to study your pup, to note how it ranges back and forth, just how observant it may be and to what extent its bump of curiosity may be developed. Curiosity is a good indication of alertness, an all-important factor on the hunting field. If the dog is the sort that insists upon asserting itself a bit too much,

is inclined to be precocious, then your restraining hand should be firm—although not rough. It is well when indulging in these getting-acquainted country sessions to stage them on fairly broken country that offers a variety of ground both open and brush-covered. If you have reason to feel that your dog can be trusted to run free and return to you when called, then turn him or her loose. If you do this and find that Mr. or Mrs. Dog has deceived you and took this as a chance for a grand runaway, then don't make the mistake of chasing that purp. Instead walk rapidly away from the dog—or run away. Being chased by a human being affects Fido in one of two ways, (a) "It's a swell game", (b) "I'd better fade away before I get hurt." Either depends upon the dog's conscience plus your state of mind. When you move away from a dog you appeal to the pursuit instinct that is ingrained in nearly all dogs. From the smallest to the largest they'll fall for this. If your strategy doesn't work—well, you're no worse off than if you did the chasing because it's ten to one or better that you won't round up that pooch by going after it, which may be long after you've decided the heck with all dogs, you'll take up fishing.

In training the dog for the field as in any other kind of schooling it's best to begin with a young dog or pup. Remember the gag about old dogs and new tricks? There never was a truer axiom.

Another thing—in all lessons never toss your patience overboard. But don't permit any monkeyshines during the training sessions. The dog must never get the idea that those lessons are a kind of game. On the contrary you will be training that dog for a serious business of field work and to a man who likes his hunting there is nothing frivolous about it. You'll have to be a stern, firm task-master but never of course to the point where you instill fear in the dog. A dog afraid of its master rarely is worth its salt in the field. A command once given—after you are sure the dog not only understands but can obey—must be obeyed.

KEEP all lessons to twenty minutes or a half-hour each and quit as soon as the dog seems tired or bored. Lessons are best given before meals as the dog is sharper when hungry and, besides, learns to connect the schooling with mealtime, a pleasant experience for the pooch.

One other admonition—never attempt to train a dog that is unwell and if it's a lady dog that expects the stork or has recently been visited by that blessed nuisance, count her out of it until she is free from family cares.

Step No. 1 in the formal education of the field dog is yard or room-breaking. The yard can be any relatively small enclosed outdoor area;

the room, any that is fairly large and quiet. Now any amateur can yard or room-break a dog as this is about the easiest of all lessons to teach and incidentally has nothing to do with Fido's cleanliness in relation to housebreaking. Some trainers begin by teaching an unleashed dog to "start" or "stop" on command and they do it this way: When the dog's feeding dish is set before it, the trainer will put his hands around the dog's neck as the animal moves toward the dish. At this time the command "Stop" is given. This is repeated over and over until the dog learns to stop at the word. Now this won't be accomplished in a few lessons or a few days. It will take a lot of your patience and as much time as your dog's respect for your command requires. Each time the dog is released and allowed to begin its meal the trainer gives the command "Start".

In time the dog should get the idea and obey both commands with no handling on the part of the trainer. It is about the hardest of all the lessons because it causes the dog to disobey an animal impulse to eat when it is hungry. At a later time the voice commands are discarded and a whistle is substituted. The usual calls are, one blast to stop, two blasts to go ahead.

FOLLOWING this is another version of the stop and go commands and that is to teach the dog to stop or start while at a distance from the hunter. In this a long rope, about forty or fifty feet long, is attached to the dog's collar. Let the dog run around with this for a few days before you take the next step. Some dogs at the start shy away from the rope and the trainer holding it accomplishes little. It is best to get the dog used to it. If giving this training outdoors in the yard, then drive a stake firmly in the earth and at the top fasten a metal ring. Slip the dog's rope through the ring, then walk away from the dog. As the purp starts to follow, give the command "Stop" and sharply jerk the rope and hold it so the dog cannot advance farther. Again walk away slowly and if the dog has remained where you stopped him give the command "Start". Call the dog to you. Repeat this lesson over and over until the dog has learned it. Drill the dog so well that you can walk in front of it, in back or on either side and it will start and stop at your command. You can dispense with the ring and stake once your dog has firmly gotten the idea but don't eliminate the rope just yet. Continue the lessons, minus the stake but still using the rope as your signal cord. Be sure it is a light but strong rope. You may want to use a choke collar on the dog, such collar merely being a leather slip-noose affair, which momentarily shuts off the dog's wind



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as the rope or its leash is made taut. No, it isn't cruel—well, not cruel if not used to excess—and only affects the dog temporarily. Sometimes it speeds up the learning process as some dogs quickly get the idea that if they continue to advance or retreat after being told to stop, they'll suddenly and unpleasantly have trouble in breathing. Never—and I'm sure you won't—use one of those atrocities that have spikes inside the collar. The man who invented that kind of collar and the person who puts one on a dog should get at least two weeks in the electric chair. You may have noted that I've suggested that in both command words there is an S. Some trainers use different words but as dogs respond to sibilants due to their keen ears being quick to detect a hissing sound such as an S calls for, I've purposely suggested "Start" and "Stop". Incidentally this is a good thing to note if you are faced with the problem of naming a dog. After the yard or room training, then take the dog in the fields for the same lessons. I should have added earlier that if you use a room for training, simply fasten the ring to the floor or far wall. By this time your dog should have learned to obey whistle blasts and when you are sure it has been perfected in these two commands then dispense with the rope and drill the dog in the field simply by your whistle. This time allow your

dog to wander freely by giving the command "Start", let it range where it will and then give the whistle command to stop. Of course the dog should not be permitted to wander far out of sight. Not only should you be able to locate the dog but your purp should at all times be within seeing or finding distance of you. If you can arrange for this it will be a great help to have your dog begin its field training by working with older, experienced dogs. Before training to retrieve there is one other necessary lesson for your dog to learn, and that is to sit when told and to remain sitting until you permit it to move around or stand. I've told how to teach this in other articles but it belongs here too. Call the dog to you. Give it the command to stop and then follow this by the command word "Sit". With one hand firmly press the dog's rear end to the ground and with the other placed under its jaws tilt its head back. Do this slowly while repeating the command. This is necessary and besides it is considered good hunting form for the dog to sit when delivering game it has retrieved to the hunter. The necessary part is that it permits the dog to rest while it remains in one spot. If standing too long it is likely to get restless and perhaps nervous, especially if it detects the presence of nearby game. [Continued next month.]

The Elks NATIONAL FOUNDATION

Through error some incorrect figures were used in the Foundation announcement last month on page 57.

The second paragraph should read:—

"The Elks National Foundation is one of the outstanding agencies for good work in our Order. At the time of the Foundation's last annual report, its principal fund stood at \$1,012,290. Not one penny of this principal can ever be touched. Only the income on the principal can be spent. Since its inception the Foundation has expended income totaling \$202,150."

News of the Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 61)

SALEM, ORE., Lodge, No. 336, should take a bow on its forward-thinking members who dreamed up and passed a triple-threat Rehabilitation and Security Resolution last April. Through this Resolution an initial fund of \$100,000 was established for the following purposes: the assistance and rehabilitation, upon their return from the wars, of members of the lodge who served in the Armed Forces; assistance of the general membership whenever aid from the charity fund isn't available, and assurance of the security of the lodge home when and if money from other sources is lacking.

This ingenious plan is mighty interesting—both from the patriot's viewpoint and the businessman's. The principal of the Trust Fund is to consist of U.S. Bonds, the investment will remain unchanged until maturity of the Bonds, and all future investments will be made in U.S. Bonds or other Government securities—all of which makes a great deal of sense.

At the discretion of the Commission which has been created to administer the Trust, unused portions of the income over \$3,000 at the end of any lodge year may be transferred to the general fund. The lodge, at any time, may turn over to the Commission additional funds which shall become part of the Trust.

The officers of Salem Lodge's Rehabilitation and Security Commission are Milton Meyers, Chairman, Fred Paulus, Max Page, Carl Wenger and James Byers.

AUGUSTA, GA., Lodge, No. 205, is sponsoring the Houghton Grammar School Football Team. Not only that, but the Elks have outfitted the boys, and they were all set for their first game Sept. 29th, even to a fancy nickname—"The Blue and Red Gridders".

Cooperating with various other clubs in the city which are all sponsoring grammar school elevens—ten in all—No. 205 handed over \$300 from its charity fund through its Social and Community Welfare Committee.

ELLWOOD CITY, PA., Lodge, No. 1356, held its first annual Sports Roundup recently and it was really something to remember. Two hundred Elks and big names in the sports world enjoyed dinner, speeches and movies.

The highlight of the program was the talk made by Harold (Pie) Traynor who is one of the diamond's best known stars. . . . he was captain and manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates and is now sports director for Station KQV. MC Julius Levin, well-known Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph sports writer, introduced him as the "greatest third baseman ever in the major leagues". "Pie" Traynor had everyone rolling in the aisles with his humorous baseball anecdotes and then answered questions fired at him by his audience. Mr. Levin's introductory remarks for every other speaker who had something to say for all our American sports weren't lacking in humor either.

IOWA FALLS, IA., Lodge, No. 1674, was instituted on August 23rd, with Past State Pres. Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum, acting as Grand Exalted Ruler. The organization of the new lodge was the result of six months' hard work on the part of Edward H. Kane of Cedar Rapids who was the Iowa Northeast District Deputy last year.

Present at the ceremonies were representatives of 14 of the Iowa lodges including a number of Past State Presidents, Past District Deputies and D.D. Leo P. Ronan. E.R. Walter J. Bailey heads No. 1674's first staff of officers.

Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, hung an "old oaken bucket" over a wishing well filled with ice-cold punch and told its 2,500 guests—including a group of Chinese soldiers from the Columbia Army Air Base—to go to it. It was the occasion of the Patio Birthday Ball celebrating Columbia's Elks Fraternal Center's third anniversary. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, a member of the Elks War Commission, and Governor Ransome J. Williams, Florence Lodge, were there, as well as U.S. Senators Burnet R. Maybank, Charleston Lodge, and Olin D. Johnston, Columbia Lodge. Mayor Fred D. Marshall, Columbia Lodge, Major Joseph Elliott, Commanding Officer of the Congaree Marine Air Field, Lieut. Col. Freeman C. McClure of Fort Jackson and Capt. M. G. Kennedy, Commanding Officer of the University of South Carolina V-12 Program, all spoke briefly in appreciation of what the Center has been doing to entertain our servicemen as well as those of the Allied Nations.

A \$25 War Bond was handed to the 300,000th soldier who entered the patio—Private William E. Beerman from Fort Jackson—and War Bonds as special awards were presented by Past Exalted Ruler Coleman Karesh, formerly of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, to Exalted Ruler William Harth, of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and the Center's senior and junior hostesses. Then the huge cake was cut and everybody concentrated on having a good time.

SANTA ANA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 794, is proud of the fact that the completion and dedication of two sun-rooms at the U.S. Naval Air Station out there came about through the generosity of one of its members, Clyde R. Alling, who has two sons in the Navy and a very warm heart.

Commander Norman M. Lyons accepted the rooms for the Navy from Walter C. Collins who represented Mr. Alling, and Osborne Holmes who represented the lodge as one of the sponsoring organizations for the project.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, really made an impression on the half-million-dollar fund being raised by the Memorial Hospital for new buildings and equipment when L. J. Mooney, Chairman of the Elks Minstrel Show Committee, presented a \$1,500 check to R. R. Jenks, President of the Hospital's Board of Trustees. This represented half the total collected through the lodge's second annual minstrel show. The other half had already been turned over to the Notre Dame Hospital at Central Falls.

Last year the Pawtucket Elks gave \$5,000 to the Memorial Hospital for a sterilizing room.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

ASTORIA, ORE., Lodge, No. 180, has a soldier member who has been twice in the news.

During a Nazi counterattack, the section leader of S/Sgt. Cameron Butte's outfit was wounded and the Sergeant had to assume command. Butte went whole-hog and completely disregarding his own safety, he rallied his men and with confidence and intelligence directed the successful blocking of the Nazi drive. For that heroic deed, the Sergeant received the Bronze Star.

After Butte had killed a German soldier he searched the dead Nazi and discovered in one of the German's pockets a letter from the Sergeant's grandmother. A mail clerk had evidently given the message to the Sergeant's buddy to deliver. The German had killed the buddy, stripped his body and stolen the letter before Butte rid the world of him. For that weird experience, the Sergeant was featured in one of Bob "Believe It Or Not" Ripley's cartoons.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Robert F. Jones, who became the senior Past Exalted Ruler of Providence Lodge No. 14 when P.E.R. Frank King passed away last spring died on Monday, August 27th, in his 75th year. Although illness prevented his taking part in the affairs of the lodge during the past few years, he never lost interest in any of its activities.

A half-century of loyal service was Mr. Jones' contribution to the Order he loved so well. He was Exalted Ruler in 1901-02 and District Deputy for Rhode Island the following year. In the old days no gathering of Elks was complete without him. Mr. Jones, a native of England, enjoyed a wide acquaintance both in this country and abroad.

Many prominent Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, attended the funeral which was held on Friday at St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church. Ritualistic services were held the preceding evening and burial took place at St. Francis Cemetery at Pawtucket.

DICK KOLLMAR,

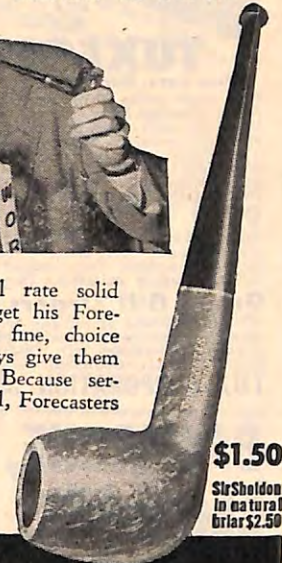
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What America is reading



New autobiographies of special interest
By Harry Hansen

THERE is good reason why a man's life-story, told by himself, has a special claim on our interest. It establishes an intimate and friendly relationship between its author and ourselves and makes us good companions. At least one character in every autobiography is fully revealed—that of the author—and often his experiences are those we would like to have shared. Moreover he belongs to our generation and touches our lives at some point. Even Benjamin Franklin, writing about his youth in Boston, is like every other lad in his desires and hesitations despite the years that separate him from us; perhaps that is one main reason why his autobiography is perennially popular.

Among the new autobiographies I find three of special interest to me. The lives described therein are not the least alike, yet all three deal with the human adventure of our time and throw light on our democratic ways. The oldest of the writers is Robert Service, now sixty-nine years old, whose "Ploughman of the Moon" describes a life filled with adventure, plus the balladry that has made him famous. (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50). Next is the experience of a Midwestern newspaper man, Paul Scott Mowrer, now a famous foreign correspondent, who tells in "The House of Europe" how he became acquainted with European politics and reported two World Wars. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.75). The third is "The Cherokee Strip; an Oklahoma Boyhood" by Marquis James who has won two

Pulitzer Prizes for his biographies of Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson. (Viking Press, \$3). Mr. Service is a Canadian, with plenty of experience in the United States; the other two authors are Americans.

Robert Service has known hard toil and vagabondage and yet made a captivating book of his experiences in "Ploughman of the Moon", but he writes almost romantically of what must have been hard days. He can look back on his life as a barefoot boy, farm hand, banjo player, orange picker, hobo, "Barbary Coaster", bank clerk and so on, and some of these roles were tough. I think he rather prides himself on his wanderings now, and with plenty of time to think of the good old days he enjoys writing about them. He liked Kipling's poems and had a flair for making verses, and up in the Yukon country he drank in the atmosphere that later made itself evident in his poems. Writing ballads was so easy for him that he was amazed at his facility. "On my long tramps in the woods I carried a book of poetry, usually Kipling," he writes, "and would rant poetic stanzas to chipmunks and porcupines." He had bursts of creative energy, followed by lapses into lethargy. But when his ballads appeared in book form even the men of White Horse went wild about it and young Robert Service became one of the attractions of the town. There are times when I think he has embellished his memories a bit and once at least he is pulling the reader's leg. But though he must have had a rough time, he did not write

a hard-boiled book.

Paul Scott Mowrer's career is that of the newsboy who grew up to be editor of the paper he had sold on the streets. While "The House of Europe" has much to say about the cross currents of European politics, with emphasis on the position of France in the peace negotiations, it is also the personal revelation of how a good newspaperman evolved. As a boy he sold the *Chicago Daily News* on the streets of Chicago, then became a picture chaser at \$5 a week for the editorial department, and later, after a few years at the University of Michigan, became reporter and Paris correspondent.

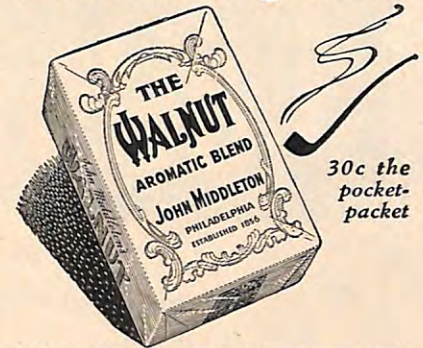
For twenty-eight years he served in Europe and in 1933 Frank Knox, who had recently purchased the paper, called him back to Chicago and eventually made him editor. Mr. Mowrer was editor until the paper again changed hands, and is now back in Europe for another newspaper. But the real essence of this book is the account of how a man, by painstaking study, attempted to get a real understanding of foreign affairs. Mr. Mowrer has some constructive criticism of American foreign policy and some pertinent comment on international settlements. He believes that the balance of power is the only logical way to keep peace, if there is no real international body at hand to do so.

IN "The Cherokee Strip" Marquis James gives us the story what his life was like when he was a boy in Oklahoma, but, as you can guess, this is packed with tales of the pioneers of our last frontier and is a mine of Americana. Mr. James' father was a lawyer in Enid, Oklahoma, very much as Bellamy Partridge's father was in Phelps, New York, as told in "Country Lawyer"—and there is a lot about Marquis James' father in this book. As a lawyer he was often in hard luck. James and his mother reached the Cherokee Strip six months after the famous Run. Later on the young man worked on the Enid newspapers until he met a former owner of one of them, who now lived in California. This man told James to see something of the world before he settled down to a career, in words that deserve to be recorded here: "Old Petronius really hit the nail on the head, 'Leave thy home, O youth, and seek out alien shores, a larger range of life is ordained to thee.' So I would say with the earnestness of one who wishes you well, 'Get out of this tank town and see the world; see it while you're young, while your sap's running.'"

MARRIED life is a subject of perennial interest to the novelist. Stories that deal with young love up to marriage are romantic; married life invariably involves an adjustment of temperaments, so that it turns into a problem. And when sons, daughters and in-laws are involved, it becomes family life. A young writer starting a career needs no more than this for a laboratory, and an established novelist often returns to it. Even Sinclair Lewis makes married life the subject of his sprightly and entertaining tale, "Cass Timberlane", and in his own ebullient way portrays husbands and wives, couples that agree and don't agree, as counterpoint to the attempt of Judge Timberlane of Grand Republic, Minnesota, to make a go of his marriage to a pretty youngster half his age. Grand Republic is one of those names Mr. Lewis invents for cities—he might as well have called it Duluth, except that none of his places actually exist. Virginia Marshland, otherwise called Jinny, is the lively little trick who fascinates Judge Timberlane. His job is to adjust himself to Jinny and get her to accept his ways without disrupting his own life—convince Jinny "of the joys of a lifetime of furnace-regulation", as he puts it. The judge was dignified and responsible; he had been married before and needed a little sunshine in his house. But girls like Jinny must be occupied. They don't sit around in houses waiting for a judge to come home to talk about his law cases. The fine thing about Judge Timberlane was that he was anxious to please Jinny, though she was more than a match for him. I believe Mr. Lewis has drawn an admirable portrait of the apprehensive, middle-aged husband, perhaps a bit too apprehensive; he surely has described the minor difficulties and tensions of this alliance.

Husband and wife who are years apart do not accept each other's point of view easily; there is experience on the one side and eagerness to experience on the other, and that makes a difference. The judge was ready to move to New York if Jinny had to have the bright lights of the East instead of the more solid, less superficial life of the West. But Jinny knew he would be a misfit in New York. There is a lot of life in this book and plenty of spirited dialogue, and even if the average husband and wife can't keep up such a running fire of repartee as Mr. Lewis invents, Cass and Jinny have a right to it. Although this deals with a marital problem, it is an entertaining tale and not a depressing one. (Random House, \$2.75)

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Editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

Thanksgiving

FOR the first time in six years Thanksgiving Day will dawn upon a world—war-torn and weary—but a world at peace.

It will be the first Thanksgiving, since war spread its blighting shadow over the world, that the people of America may gather and enjoy its traditional feast without the thought that in all corners of the earth men are fighting and dying that those at home may continue to observe Thanksgiving in the good old American way.

Thanksgiving Day this year will indeed be a day of Thanksgiving. It may well be approached in the spirit of the little band of Pilgrims who in 1623 set aside a day "to give thanks for the bounteous harvest", which came after a long drought had threatened the colony with starvation.

America may give thanks for bounteous harvests which have supplied not only her people, but fed the starving of other lands throughout the world's most trying years.

America may give thanks that the war is over; the weight of despair lifted from millions of hearts, and her boys and girls are coming home.

The people of America will approach this Thanksgiving Day with a truer conception of its real meaning. As they give thanks that war's death and devastation are ended, and breathe a prayer for the eternal rest of those who will not come home, they must not forget to ask Divine guidance in making the victory, purchased by the blood of our bravest and best, the foundation of a peace builded upon human brotherhood.

Victory Class

A MOST appropriate recognition of the anniversary of Pearl Harbor will be the initiation by each lodge of a class of fine, upstanding American citizens, at the meeting nearest to December 2.

The Lodge Activities Committee is sponsoring such a class. It is to be known as the "Victory Class" and all lodges are urged to enter into wholehearted cooperation with the effort to recognize in a suitable manner the treacherous attack which brought our country into the war and the glorious victory which reduced Japan to a vassal state.

The "Victory Class" is in no sense to be considered a "drive" for members, but an effort to add to the ranks of Elkdom a substantial number of citizens who will find in the Order of Elks opportunity to serve their community and their country.

No Changes

REGARDLESS of rumors respecting changes in the Ritual there are none, nor can there be any before the next Grand Lodge Session. At that time any changes, revisions or additions that may be contemplated will be presented for the consideration of the representatives of subordinate lodges. Officers may therefore proceed with their work on the basis of the present Ritual.

As there is every reason to anticipate a large increase in membership during the present year, it is not amiss to urge the officers of subordinate lodges to study carefully the part the ritual assigns to them and do everything within their power to impress novitiates with its dignity and beauty.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the part our ritual plays in making real Elks. It is the medium through which the Order conveys to its new members the principles, purposes and ideals of the Order and it must be rendered in a manner that will leave with them lasting impressions. The officers of most of our lodges take great pride in the ritualistic work of their officers, and the Grand Exalted Ruler has directed his District Deputies to pay particular attention to the manner in which subordinate lodges conduct their initiations.

Memorial Day

THE tradition of brotherhood extending beyond the grave has been tenderly nurtured by Elks down through the years. Each night at the hour of eleven, wherever Elks are gathered, they pause to recall "those who wander, those who will come no more", and on the first Sunday in each December all lodges meet to give to public expression the sentiments out of which "The Eleven O'Clock Toast" was born.

Memorial Day is not a day for sadness, but a time for tender recollections, sustained by a faith that the absent Brothers "are not dead, but just away". We meet to recall their virtues and live again in the warmth of their friendship.

All Elk lodges will meet on December 2 to give public expression to the Elks' reverence for the memory of their departed. As part of the ceremony many lodges will present to the next of kin of Elks who have died in our country's service, the "Elks Medal of Valor", a token of the Order's appreciation of their loved one's sacrifice.

Memorial Day presents to the people of the community the tender sentiments traditional with the Order of Elks. Conducted in the true spirit of reverie and recollection, the ceremonies never fail to impress non-Elks with a better understanding of the Order.



Ricketts' Circus, Sixth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia . . . circa 1798*

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky



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News item, 8 February, 1798

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